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SPRING<sup>AND</sup>SUMMER  
SCHOOL  
CELEBRATIONS



Class PN4305

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# SPRING AND SUMMER SCHOOL CELEBRATIONS

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Exercises, Recitations, Pantomimes, Tableaux,  
Drills, Songs

for

Easter, Arbor Day, Memorial Day, May Day,  
Fourth of July, and Closing Day

E D I T E D B Y  
ALICE M. KELLOGG

Author of "Fancy Drills and Marches," Etc.



PHILADELPHIA  
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ion*, for Theron Brown's "Independence Bell;" George Cooper for "Tommy's  
Ride."

## PART I.

# Easter.

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## Easter Song.

(To be recited by an older pupil as a prelude to a song by the little children.)

Sing, children, sing !  
And the lily censers swing :  
Sing that life and joy are waking and that  
Death no more is king.  
Sing the happy, happy tumult of the slowly brightening  
spring ;  
Sing, little children, sing.

Sing, children, sing !  
Winter wild has taken wing.  
Fill the air with the sweet tidings till the frosty echoes  
ring !  
Along the eaves the icicles no longer glittering cling ;  
And the crocus in the garden lifts its bright face to the  
sun,  
And in the meadows softly the brooks begin to run •  
And the golden catkins swing  
In the warm airs of the spring ;  
Sing, little children, sing !

Sing, children, sing !  
The lilies white you bring  
In the joyous Easter morning for hope are blossoming ;  
And as the earth her shroud of snow from off her breast  
doth fling,



So may we cast our fetters off in God's eternal spring,  
So may we find release at last from sorrow and from  
    pain,  
So may we find our childhood's calm, delicious dawn  
    again.  
Sweet are your eyes, O little ones ! that look with smiling  
    grace  
Without a shade of doubt or fear into the Future's face.

Sing, sing in happy chorus, with joyful voices tell  
That death is life, and God is good, and all things shall  
    be well ;  
That bitter days shall cease  
In warmth and light and peace,—  
That winter yields to spring,—  
Sing, little children, sing !

—*Celia Thaxter.*

---

## Easter in Early Days.

(Recitation for an intermediate grade pupil.)

From time immemorial the festival of Easter has been a season of rejoicing among pagans and Christians. Various were the rites and ceremonies on this occasion. In the ancient church the celebration of Easter lasted eight days. After the eleventh century, however, it was limited to two days. It was the favorite time for administering the rite of baptism. The courts of justice were closed and alms given to the poor and needy.

The Anglo-Saxons, until Christianity was introduced into England, held high festivities over the event of spring, the festival of Easter, the goddess of April. To her they burnt fires, and feasted, and the hot-cross bun of to-day is one of the traditions of that far-back time.

One of the most popular features of the old-time Easter enjoyments was the distribution of colored eggs, and this custom is traced back to the ancient Persians, Greeks, and Romans.

The old superstitions, and many of the old customs of Easter, are falling into disuse, but as a holiday season its popularity only increases.

---

## Give Flowers to the Children.

(Recitation for the primary grade.)

✓ Give flowers to all the children  
On blessed Easter Day—  
Fair crocuses and snowdrops,  
And tulips brave and gay.

Bright nodding daffodillies,  
And purple iris tall,  
And sprays of silver lilies,  
The loveliest of all.

And tell them, tell the children,  
How in the dark, cold earth  
The flowers have been waiting  
Till Spring should give them birth.

All Winter long they waited,  
Till the south wind's soft breath  
Bade them rise up in beauty,  
And bid farewell to death.

Then tell the little children  
How Christ our Saviour, too,  
The Flower of all Eternity,  
Once death and darkness knew.

How, like these blossoms, silent  
Within the tomb he lay,  
Then rose in light and glory,  
To live and reign for aye.

So take the flowers, children,  
And be ye pure as they,  
And sing to Christ our Saviour  
On blessed Easter day!

## Sir Robin.

(Notice the question-marks by keeping the voice raised for a second. The laugh at the close of each verse should be given naturally.)

Rollicking Robin is here again.

What does he care for the April rain ?

Care for it? Glad of it. Doesn't he know

That the April rain carries off the snow,

And coaxes out leaves to shadow his nest,

And washes his pretty red Easter vest,

And makes the juice of the cherry sweet,

For his hungry little robins to eat ?

“ Ha ! Ha ! ” hear the jolly bird laugh,

“ That isn't the best of the story by half ! ”

Gentleman Robin, he walks up and down,

Dressed in orange tawny and black and brown.

Though his eye is so proud and his step so firm,

He can always stoop to pick up a worm.

With a twist of his head, and a strut and a hop,

To his Robin-wife, in the peach tree top,

Chirping her heart out, he calls : “ My dear,

You don't earn your living ! Come here ! Come here !

Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! Life is lovely and sweet ;

But what would it be if we'd nothing to eat ? ”

Robin, Sir Robin gay, red-breasted knight,

Now you have come to us, summer's in sight.

You never dream of the wonders you bring,—

Visions that follow the flash of your wing.

How all the beautiful By-and-By

Around you and after you seem to fly !

Sing on, or eat on, as pleases your mind !

Well have you earned every morsel you find.

“ Aye ! Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! ” whistles Robin. “ My dear,

Let us all take our own choice of good cheer ! ”

---

## To the Flowers.

(Recitation for a pupil in the grammar department.)

Ye are the scriptures of the earth,

Sweet flowers fair and frail ;

A sermon speaks in every bud

That wooes the summer gale.



Ye lift your heads at early morn,  
To greet the sunny ray,  
And cast your fragrance forth to praise  
The Lord of night and day.

Sown in the damp and cheerless earth,  
Ye slumber for a while,  
Then waken into glorious life  
And bid creation smile.  
Thus, when within the darksome tomb  
Our mortal frame shall lie,  
The soul, freed from the bonds of sin,  
Shall join the choir on high.

---

## The Day of Joy.

(Recitation for a high-school pupil.)

This is the gladness of our Easter morning—  
That nothing now in all the world is dead,  
The roadside dust is tinted with forewarning  
Of heavenly verdure mortal feet shall tread.  
New meanings each blue break of sky discloses ;  
New messages on all the winds are heard ;  
New fragrance haunts the lilies and the roses—  
His life, His breath—the Spirit and the word.

The flowers of spring are no vain decoration  
Of earth's dead bosom ; earth is all alive  
In the awakening dawn of new creation,  
Whence soul and body perfect strength derive.  
The untainted health, the everlasting beauty !  
Even frozen hearts the warm contagion feel  
Of spiritual love and holy duty ;  
The sickliest plant Christ's living touch can heal.

This is the wonder of the Resurrection—  
That things unvalued now reveal their worth •  
That every human longing and affection  
Feels now the glow of its immortal birth.

Our common toil, the mutual nopes we cherish,  
The friendly word, the homely help we give  
Each other in His love's name, shall not perish ;  
No thought that lives in Him shall cease to live.

We who are of the earth need not be earthly ;  
God made our nature like His own, divine ;  
Nothing but selfishness can be unworthy  
Of his pure image meant through us to shine.  
The death of deaths it is ourself, to smother  
In our own pleasures, His dishonored gift ;  
And life—eternal life—to love each other ;  
Our souls with Christ in sacrifice to lift.

This is the beauty of our Easter morning ;  
In him humanity may now arise  
Out of the grave of self, all baseness scorning—  
The holy radiance of His glorious eyes  
Illumines everywhere uplifted faces ;  
Touches the earthly with a heavenly glow ;  
And in that blessed light all human graces  
Unto divine beatitudes must grow.

Feeding on husks no more, the wanderers gather  
Around the hearthstone of the house above—  
The Son has brought them home unto the Father ;  
His spirit in their hearts is peace and love.  
Souls speak in the lost language of communion,  
And angels echo back the words they say,  
Earth is restored to heaven in deathless union—  
This is the glory of our Easter day.

—*Lucy Larcom.*

---

## Easter Time.

(Recitation for a grammar-grade pupil.)

While beauty clothes the fertile vale,  
And blossoms on the spray,  
And fragrance breathes in every gale,  
How sweet the vernal day.

And hark ! the feathered warblers sing,  
 'Tis nature's cheerful voice ;  
 Soft music hails the lovely spring,  
 And woods and field rejoice.

How kind the influence of the skies !  
 These showers, with blessings fraught,  
 Bid verdure, beauty, fragrance rise,  
 And fix the roving thought.

Oh ! let my wondering heart confess  
 With gratitude and love  
 The bounteous hand, that deigns to bless  
 The garden, field and grove.

That hand, in this cold heart of mine,  
 Can make each virtue live ;  
 And kindly showers of grace divine,  
 Life, beauty, fragrance give.

O God of nature, God of grace !  
 Thy heavenly gifts impart,  
 And bid sweet meditation trace  
 Spring blooming in my heart. —*Anne Smith.*

## Wreath Drill and March.

By F. J. C.

*Costume.*—(*Girls* :) Simple white dresses with blue sashes. Care should be taken to have the dresses of uniform length and the sashes of same shade.

*Caps.*—Blue with ordinary black visor.

*Wreaths.*—Twisted with white flowers and tied with long blue ribbon, same shade as sashes.

(*Boys*) : Should it be convenient a simple gray suit could be made of any cheap material. Should this be impracticable confine yourself to gray caps, which should correspond to the girls' in shape.

*Wreaths.*—Same size as girls', but made of red flowers and tied with long bows of gray ribbon.

*Flags.*—Two good-sized bunting flags. At the

top of one are streamers of blue, and at the top of the other one are streamers of gray.

### MARCH.

*Music.*—Any march in which the time is strongly marked.

*Lines.*—One line of boys and one line of girls.

*Leaders.*—One line will be headed by flag-bearer (*a*); boy who carries flag with gray ribbons. The other line headed by flag-bearer (*b*), will consist of girls with blue ribbons.

1. The girls enter from the right in single file, carry wreaths as high as head and in the right hand. Boys enter from opposite side with wreaths in left hand.

2. By marching up either side of the stage and turning corner the leaders meet in centre of stage.

3. At signal of piano (*one*) wreaths are lowered and boys change wreaths into right hand; (*two*) face audience; (*three*) flags and wreaths are raised as in salute; (*four*) lowered, boys change back to left hand; (*five*) face; (*six*) march. Lines cross each other in a short diagonal line and march to back of stage, where they meet and cross again. Repeat in front.

4. Meeting again at back they form a double column and march down the centre of stage. Wreaths are now raised over heads horizontally.

5. Line separates again at centre, marching across front of stage and down sides to back.

6. Lines join at centre as before and cross wreaths in centre. The leaders going in single file, the flag-bearer (*a*) in advance.

7. At front of stage first pair headed by leader (*a*) turn to left, second pair headed by flag-bearer (*b*) turn to right (remaining pairs alternating with these lines.)

8. Meeting at the back each couple slips into its original position. (With the assistance of one of the teachers or the older pupils who will stand quietly



by during this separation and replacing, and motion to the children who are apt to become confused, this otherwise intricate march will become quite within the scope of little folk.)

9. Wreaths are held over the heads of the pair in front as the lines come up the centre.

10. Separate into single lines and proceed around stage as at first.

11. Meeting at back both lines join into one; a boy behind each girl.

12. At front the flag-bearers make an arch with their flags and the line marches under it and back to leaders.

13. Leaders fall in line and (*a*) forms the line into a circle.

14. Piano chord (*one*) face out; (*two*) salute as before; (*three*) girls fall on one knee, each boy drops his wreath over his partner's head. Flag-bearers step to centre of ring and cross flags; (*four*) girls stand and boys step forward and kneel. The girls then crown the boys; (*five*) stand, and all fall in line, the leaders marching once around the stage and out.

---

## Tableau for Longfellow's "King Robert of Sicily."

Arranged by the author of "Preston Papers."

(These tableaux are to be shown while Longfellow's poem is being read. Only "cue" lines are given. The reader should stand in front of the drawn curtain, reading during arrangement of stage for scenic illustration. *Everything must be in readiness for prompt and silent changes* from one tableau to another, that the poem may be illustrated, not spoiled. A second showing of each tableau is generally desirable, as but few get a satisfactory glimpse of the entire picture during the brief opening of the curtain. Well trained assistants, with one to direct, must attend to everything behind the scenes, leaving teacher and reader free in front. The tableaux take away all excuse for dramatic action on the part of the reader, whose entire attention may be profitably given to interpreting the author's thought by voice alone.)

"On St. John's eve, at vespers, proudly sat,  
And heard the priest chant the Magnificat."

## (TABLEAU No. 1.)

Stage represents church, with dim lights; at left altar, priests chanting; at right, king and retinue in robes. Altar may be fashioned from upturned box, over which showy table-cloth is drawn; lighting may be made by turning chairs of one pattern, with backs toward each other, in the crown of pasteboard covered with gilt paper; loose robe of angels of brilliant color; ermine can be made from sheets of cotton wadding cut in strips three or four inches wide having black spots an inch and a half long, arising from half inch wide to round point; courtiers' costumes brilliant with gilt and tinsel.

"And leaning back he yawned and fell asleep,  
Lulled by the chant monotonous and deep."

## (TABLEAU No. 2.)

Same scene; lights dimmer; music softer and more monotonous—king sleeping.

"The sounds reëchoed from the roof and walls—  
As if dead priests were laughing in their stalls."

## (TABLEAU No. 3.)

Same, but with lights all extinguished save one or two dimly burning; king alone, near door at extreme right.

"King Robert's self, in features, form, and height,  
But all transfigured by angelic light."

## (TABLEAU No. 4.)

Banquet room brilliantly lighted in the palace; table elegantly equipped with damask, glass (the more beautiful color the better), silver, flowers, etc.; people standing in groups; king's counterpart on dais in background; *real* king in foreground, side to audience, staring at his "other self."

"And in the corner, a revolting shape,  
Shivering and chattering, sat the wretched ape."

## (TABLEAU No. 5.)

Barren, dark room; straw bed in the corner, with king sitting thereon in plain dark robe, di-heveled hair, wondrous face and attitude. *Ape* may be omitted, or "made to order" of dark cloth, on wooden chair or stool in opposite corner.

"He heard the garments of the Lord  
Sweep through the silent air, ascending heavenward."

## (TABLEAU No. 6.)

Same scene; but king kneels, facing audience.

"Across these stones, that lead the way to heaven,  
Walk barefoot, till my guilty soul be shriven."

## (TABLEAU No. 7.)

King Robert in the foreground in same garments, bowed head, hands crossed on breast, standing; Angel King on throne in background. (Throne may be improvised from big old-fashioned sofa, or two large chairs without arms, having handsome spread thrown over it, with showy rug in front.)

"Rose like the throbbing of a single string;  
'I am the Angel, and thou art the King.'"

## (TABLEAU No. 8.)

Same, showing open window at end furthest from King Robert, who with Angel King listens to chant from outside. Much of the effect of this tableau will depend upon the facial expression of the two characters. Light should be *very strong* on each face. This may be produced by use of kerosene sidelights with reflectors.

“And when his courtiers came, they found him there,  
Kneeling upon the floor, absorbed in silent prayer.”

## (TABLEAU No. 9.)

Same scene without the angel, King Robert kneeling in centre, in his own apparel; courtiers entering at right and left.

---

## A Bunch of Lilies.

(Select as many girls from the grammar grade as there are quotations given below. Let the girls stand on the stage each holding a lily in her hand. A small stand is placed in the centre with a vase upon it. As each selection is finished the speaker steps to the table and places her flower in the vase. The girls may be dressed in white with sashes of light purple.)

*First girl :*

The great ocean hath no tone of power  
Mightier to reach the soul, in thought's hushed hour,  
Than yours, ye lilies, chosen thus and graced !

—*Mrs. Hemans.*

*Second girl :*

Is not this lily pure ?  
What fuller can procure  
A white so perfect, spotless, clear  
As in this flower doth appear ? —*Quarles.*

*Third girl :*

The lilies say : Behold how we  
Preach, without words, of purity.  
—*Christina G. Rossetti.*

*Fourth girl :*

“Thou wert not, Solomon ! in all thy glory,  
Array'd,” the lilies cry, “in robes like ours.  
How vain your grandeur ! Ah, how transitory  
Are human flowers !” —*Horace Smith.*

*Fifth girl :*

We are lilies fair  
The flower of virgin light ;  
Nature held us forth, and said,  
“Lo ! my thoughts of white.”  
—*Leigh Hunt.*

*Sixth girl :*

Look to the lilies how they grow ! ”

’Twas thus the Saviour said, that we  
Even in the simplest flowers that bloom,  
God’s ever watchful care might see.

—*Moir.*

*Seventh girl :*

Observe the rising lily’s snowy grace,  
Observe the various vegetable race.

They neither toil nor spin, but careless grow,  
Yet see how warm they blush ! how bright they glow !  
What regal vestments can with them compare !  
What King so shining ! or what Queen so fair.

—*Thomson.*

*Eighth girl :*

The careless eye can find no grace,  
No beauty in the scaly folds,  
Nor see within the dark embrace  
What latent loveliness it holds.

Yet in that bulb, those sapless scales,  
The lily wraps her silver rest,  
Till vernal suns and vernal gales  
Shall kiss once more her fragrant breast.

—*Mary Tighe.*

*Ninth girl :*

The citron tree or spicy grove for me would never yield  
A perfume half so grateful as the lilies of the field.

—*Eliza Cook.*

*Tenth girl :*

Leaves of that shy plant,  
(Her flowers were shed,) the lily of the vale,  
That loves the ground, and from the sun withholds  
Her pensive beauty; from the breeze her sweets.

—*Wordsworth.*



## PART II.

# Arbor Day.

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### CONTENTS:

Getting Ready.

Special Rules for Tree Planting.

Opening song for primary children, "What They Say."

Reading for a grammar grade pupil, "The Return of Spring,"  
by N. Lewis.

Exercise for intermediate children, "The Talking Trees," by  
Lizzie M. Hadley.

Recitation for a primary pupil, "The Buttercup," by Mary  
Geist.

Duet for girls' voices, "'Neath the Leafy Trees."

Reading of compositions.

Recitation to precede the dedication of the tree, "Choosing  
the Tree," by Angelina W. Wray.

Song by the school, "Nature's Voices."

Exercise at the planting or dedication, "Naming the Tree."

Chorus to be sung after the tree-planting, "How Softly  
Breezes Blow."

Exercise for the school and visitors, "Choosing a State Flower  
and Tree."

Closing song by the school, "Verdant Grove, Farewell to  
Thee."

### Getting Ready.

In preparing for an Arbor day celebration aim to employ the entire school, or as much of it as possible. Appoint a committee to secure flowers and plants for decoration; give out topics for composition and let the best ones be read aloud at the exercises;

choose appropriate recitations and quotations ; select certain boys to take part in the tree-planting ; furnish copies of the songs so that every one may join in ; provide a cornet for out of-door singing ; have ushers to seat and welcome visitors. Make, in fact, a gala day for your pupils, a festival of spring, pervaded by the love of nature.

The central idea of Arbor day is to impress on the young generation the blessing and necessity of tree life.

“ He who plants a tree  
Plants hope.”

If the school grounds or road-ways need shade direct your efforts there. Let the transplanting be done at the proper time and season, and upon Arbor day dedicate the trees, and celebrate the importance and usefulness of the work.

The program should be so arranged that, should the day prove stormy it can be given indoors. When trees cannot be planted vines may be set out or seeds be started in window boxes, and the occasion rendered a memorable one by music and literary exercises.

If a library of standard authors is available, the pupils may be referred to the following works for help in essay writing : Holmes' "One Hundred Days in Europe," "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," "Over the Tea-cups," and "Poems ;" Thoreau's "Early Spring in Massachusetts," "Winter," "The Maine Woods," "Autumn," and "Walden ;" Irving's "Sketch Book," and "Rural Life in England ;" Cooper's "Pathfinder," and "Oak Openings ;" Bryant's "Poems ;" Emerson's "Nature," "The Method of Nature and Beauty ;" Longfellow's "Poems ;" Lowell's "Essays," and "Poems."

### **Special Rules for Tree-Planting.**

The time for transplanting trees varies with the locality and the season. Trees should be moved before they have budded and blossomed, for after the leaves have opened they cannot obtain sufficient nourishment from the newly planted roots, and after sapping the life from the tree wither and die.

As a rule trees must have good soil in which to grow. In planting street trees make sure of success by properly preparing the soil where they are to stand. In all gravelly and poor soil

dig a hole six or ten feet across and two or three feet deep (it can not be too large), remove the poor soil and replace with good, in which to plant the tree. In very poor soil this is absolutely necessary.

The site for planting should be intelligently chosen; then the variety suited to the peculiar soil and situation and use for which it is intended should be considered. It is preferable to plant nursery grown trees, which have already been once or twice transplanted and have thus acquired a good root system. In receiving plants from nurseries notice particularly two points: First, that the plants have good roots that have not been unnecessarily shortened or reduced in removal; and secondly, that the roots have not been dried or injured by frost. This can be determined by cutting off some of the ends of the roots. If the bark on them when cut into appears white and fresh and separates easily from the wood, they are sound and can be trusted. Roots should not be exposed to the sun or drying winds while being transported, but should be kept moist with a covering of straw, moss, or canvas. The feeding roots are easily destroyed by exposure and their loss deprives the tree of much of its power to withstand removal successfully. This is especially true of evergreens, because of their being covered with foliage all the year.

Native trees growing near in similar soil can hardly fail to flourish if properly transplanted. Trees that have grown in open places are harder and will bear transplanting better than those that have grown under the protection of the deeper woods. Such trees, moreover, like those from the nursery, have an abundance of fibrous roots, on which the tree must rely for support, until its stronger roots have had time to lay hold of the moist subsoil beneath. Rapidly growing trees, although giving shade soonest, are mostly short-lived, and become soonest unsightly.

In planting the tree, place the roots naturally as deep, or a little deeper if in loose, poor soil, than when they were dug. Force the soil among the roots firmly, working it carefully with the hand under the stem of the tree, and leaving no open spaces among the roots. The roots should not be permitted to come in contact with decaying matter of coarse, unfermented manure. Should the season be dry and warm, water may be poured in from time to time to settle the fine soil about them, but do not

drench them. The practice of using water while planting can hardly be said to be a good one, and with a soil which has a tendency to clog, there is great danger of an uneven distribution and settling, with consequent empty spaces between the roots. More trees are probably killed by too much water in transplanting than by too little; but *never* wet the soil at or near the surface. The surface should be leveled, or, better, slightly rounded about the trunk of the tree. Then a mulch of coarse manure is helpful, for it keeps the surface moist, and its richness will reach the roots gradually in a diluted form. A mulch of straw, leaves or coarse hay is better than none at all. After the soil is properly firmed about its roots the tree should not be neglected and suffered to fall a prey to insects or fungus or allowed to starve for lack of food or water or to be loosened by the wind. Stake it carefully and firmly or insure it against accident with a tree box.

In choosing trees remember that the silver maple, Carolina poplar and box elder are easily transplanted and grow rapidly where nothing else will live, but do not last long; that the sugar maple, red maple, linden, and elm are the best for street and lawn; that the tulip tree, red oak, willow oak, black cherry, and sweet gum are also desirable; and that for special positions it is well to give choice to the sycamore, black birch, ash, beech, chestnut, or black walnut.



# ARBOR DAY PROGRAM.

## No. 1.—For Mixed Grades.

(To be given entire or in parts.)

### 1. Opening song by primary children.

#### What They Say:

1. Lit - tle bird with ac - tive wing, Read - y e'er to fly or sing,  
2. Bu - sy bee, from flower to flower You are fly - ing ev - 'ry hour,  
3. Gen - tle breeze a - mong the grass, Tho' un - seen as by you pass,

Won't you in your cun - ning way Talk a - while with us to - day?  
Pause now on your hum - ming way, Talk a - while with us to - day.  
Pause now on your rust - ling way, Talk a - while with us to - day.

The lit - tle bird says with his mu - sic - al glee,  
The bee says to tri - fle no mo - ments a - way,  
Be sure, say the breez - es as on - ward they blow,

That we must be trust - ful and joy - ous as he.  
But ev - er be ac - tive in work or in play.  
That bright - ness and good - ness you bear as you go.

*Reading by a grammar grade pupil:*

## The Return of Spring.

Many years ago when the earth was young some little girls were in a verdant meadow gathering wild flowers. The day was bright, the air clear. Near by a brook ran, making a pleasant murmur among the tall grasses.

The little maidens were having a merry time. One, named Persephone, plucked the rose, the violet, the crocus, the hyacinth, and then seeing a narcissus of great size and beauty near by she stretched out her hand to seize it. Suddenly the earth opened and Aidoneus, a god, in a golden chariot, driving fierce horses before him rose out of the earth, and catching little Persephone carried her off. She screamed and cried to her father for help, but he did not hear, but so long as Persephone could see the earth, the blue sky, and the shining sun, so long she hoped to see again her mother. The very mountain tops and the deep sea resounded with her sweet voice.

At last Ceres, her mother, heard. Tearing her hair with grief she threw a dark cloak around her, and swift as a bird she hurried over the land. Of all she met she asked of her lost daughter, but none could tell her where she was. For nine days she never stopped to eat or drink, but wandered o'er the earth, carrying a flaming torch in her hands. Finally the sun taking pity on her told her that it was Aidoneus, the god of the lower world, who had carried her away.

Now Ceres was the goddess of the earth. In her anger and despair at the loss of her daughter she would not permit the earth to bring forth its fruit. Seed was planted in vain. The whole race of man was in danger of starvation. At last Zeus, the father of gods, sent a swift messenger to the dark lower world bidding Aidoneus to permit Persephone to return to the light. He found Aidoneus seated on a couch with Persephone near by weeping for her mother. On receiving the message Aidoneus spoke kindly to Persephone, telling her that she might return home. She sprang up with joy, and without thinking swallowed a grain of pomegranate which he gave to her. The horses were brought forth and yoked to the golden car. She mounted and quickly they moved, and neither hills nor vales, nor streams

of water retarded their course. How happy Persephone was to see the bright world again. Joyfully she sprang from the car to the embrace of her mother.

After a little while Ceres asked with anxiety if she had tasted anything while in the lower world, for if not she would be free to spend the whole time with her father and mother; but if anything had passed her lips nothing could save her from spending one-third of the year in the lower world, she could, however, spend the rest of the year with her mother.

“And when in springtime, with sweet-smelling flowers  
Of various kinds, the earth doth bloom, thou’lt come,  
From gloomy darkness back, a mighty joy,  
To Gods and mortal men.”

Persephone told her mother that she had swallowed a grain of pomegranate, but even that could not spoil their happiness. They spent the day in sweet converse together. But every year when the time comes that Persephone must return to the dark lower world then the skies are leaden, the streams are locked in ice, and fierce winds blow from the heavens, but when the glad spring comes and Persephone returns to her mother, then the sky puts on its softest blue, the earth is covered with a bright green mantle, the flowers burst into bloom, and all nature smiles.—*N. Lewis.*

*Exercise for intermediate children :*

## The Talking Trees.

*Children (reciting together) :*

We’ve broken Winter’s icy chain,  
The Spring at last is free,  
And crystal clear the rivers now  
Are flowing to the sea.

A robe of misty green appears  
Where erst was gray and brown,  
And hark ! I hear the sound of feet  
Come marching to the town.

From dusky woods where May-flowers start  
And early bluebirds sing.

O woodland trees, to us you come !—  
What message do you bring ?

*Trees—(Other children holding branches.)*

To give to desert places shade,  
There's One who's sent us here ;  
For Him we leave our forest homes  
On *Arbor Day* each year.

From out the dim, sweet-scented woods,  
Where birds and wild flowers dwell,  
A long procession we have come,  
And now our names we'll tell.

*Pine.—(One child steps forward and displays her branch.)*

To tell my name, behold I come,  
And stand the first in line,  
My green plumes waving in the breeze,  
A tall and stately pine.

*Willow.—(Second child follows.)*

A willow, I the next one stand,  
Where bank and river meet ;  
My branches bend to kiss the waves,  
That murmur at my feet.

*Oak.—(Third child ditto.)*

I come, a tall and sturdy oak  
Whose praises poets sing.  
And eager children seek to find  
The treasures that I bring,

*Elm.—(Fourth child.)*

I am the elm. On sunny slope  
My graceful form is seen,  
Or, like a sentinel, I stand  
In meadows fair and green.

*Maple. (Fifth child.)*

In groves, on hillsides, fields, and plains  
My form you'll often see,



Or standing by your happy homes  
A goodly maple tree.

*Birch. (Sixth child.)*

My home is on the mountain side,  
There, like a bird I perch,  
And, like a silver column, gleams  
My trunk, — I'm the white birch.

*Beech. (Seventh child.)*

So high, they seem to touch the sky,  
My spreading branches reach.  
From mossy woods and bosky dells,  
I come to you—the beech.

*Larch (Eighth child.)*

In mossy swamps and ferny bogs  
My form you'll often see ;  
From there I come to you to-day,  
A slender, tall larch tree.

*Fir. (Ninth child.)*

A stately, balsam fir am I  
With healing in my breath ;  
From mountain and from forest dim  
I come to vanquish Death.

*All. (Moving together to front of stage.)*

*We* are the first.—Behind us now,  
Slow marching tree by tree,  
A glad procession now appears  
To join our company.

The ash and aspen, cherry, lime ;  
The poplar, tall and straight ;  
Linden and spruce, a score and more,  
All close behind us wait.

Together we have come to tell  
Of legends strange and old,

Some ancient tales of mythic lore,  
By olden firesides told.

*If there are not enough children to duplicate the trees the same child may give a second verse.)*

*Pine.* I shelter gave the Holy Child,  
When he from Herod fled.

*Willow.* Of yore, my drooping fringes, oft,  
Bent o'er the quiet dead.

*Oak.* My roots to Fairyland 'tis said,  
By olden legends, lead.

*Elm.* I tell the farmer when 'tis time  
To sow his shining seed.

*Birch.* When Christ was scourged, I gave the rod,  
So ancient stories say.

*Maple.* The country-folk believe my twigs  
Will keep the bats away.

*Beech.* Dost fear the lightning's vivid flash,  
The thunder's awful roar?

Then safe beneath my shelt'ring boughs,  
Come bide till storms are o'er.

*Larch.* O, tough and strong, my fibers bind  
The Indian's birch canoe.

*Fir.* When I'm by cruel Death assailed  
Disaster comes to you.

*All.* Thus simple myths from out the past  
We at your feet have laid  
Plant us, and we'll repay your care,  
With cool and pleasant shade.

And years will come, and years will go,  
So fast they'll slip away,  
That children's children, ere we die,  
Shall bless your Arbor day.

SONG.—( *Air, Little Drops of Water.* )

Now we've come together,  
Trees both great and small.  
Moments swift are flying,  
Try to use them all.

While the yellow sunshine,  
Flickers round our heads,  
'Mong the spring-time grasses,  
Make our lowly beds.

God who watches o'er us,  
Knows what's for us best ;  
Plant us in earth's bosom,  
He will do the rest.

All the care you give us,  
We will each repay,  
'Neath our cooling shadows ;  
You shall rest some day.

(*Soft music played on piano outside.*)

Now while music's softly  
Swelling in the air,  
Let us all together  
Lift our hearts in prayer.

(*All clasp hands and look up* )

Look on us, O, Father,  
Bless our little band,  
Arbor day forever,  
Oh, keep in our land.

—*Lizzie M. Hadley.*

*Recitation for a primary child :*

### The Buttercup.

"I lay buried very deeply,"  
Said the buttercup ;  
"With the brown earth all around me,—  
Snugly covered up."

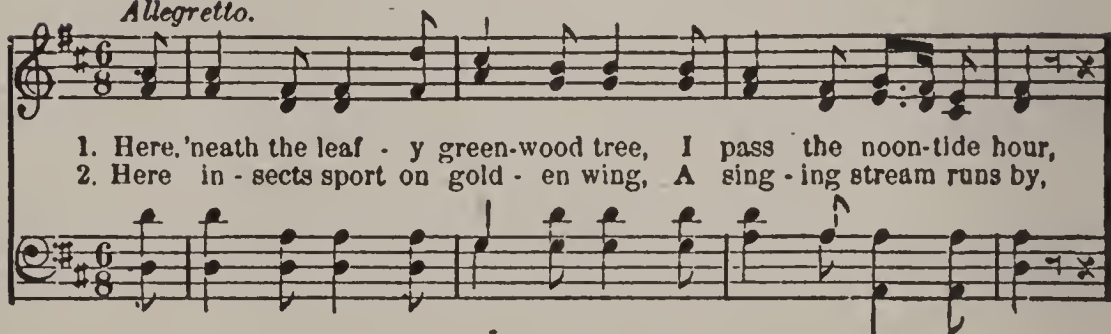
"One day I was nicely sleeping,"  
 Buttercup went on;  
 "Suddenly the warm sun kissed me,  
 Ice and snow were gone."  
 "I got up and looked around me,  
 And began to grow.  
 For the sunshine seemed to tell me,  
 'Grow and grow and grow.'"  
 "And I grew and kept on growing.  
 Till you now behold,  
 At your feet a little flower,  
 Yellow as the gold.

—Mary Geist.

*Duet for girls' voices.*

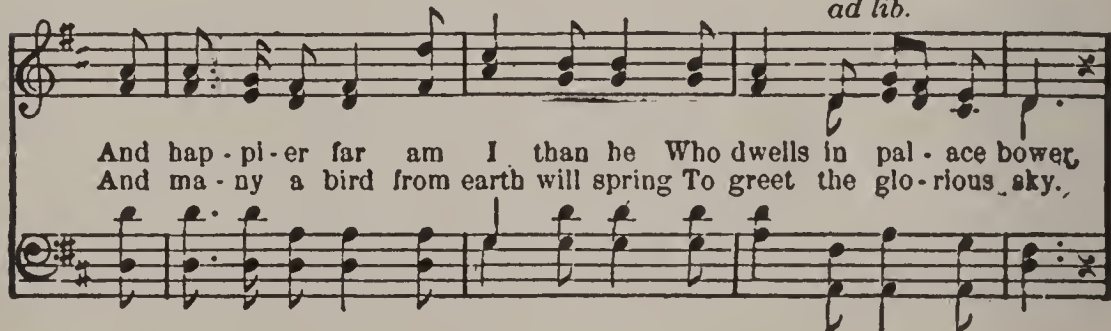
### 'Neath the Leafy Tree.

*Allegretto.*

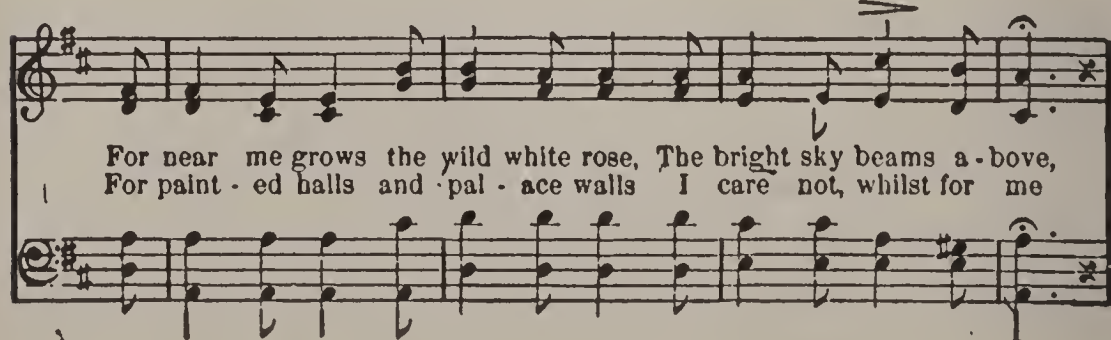


1. Here, 'neath the leaf - y green-wood tree, I pass the noon-tide hour,  
 2. Here in - sects sport on gold - en wing, A sing - ing stream runs by,

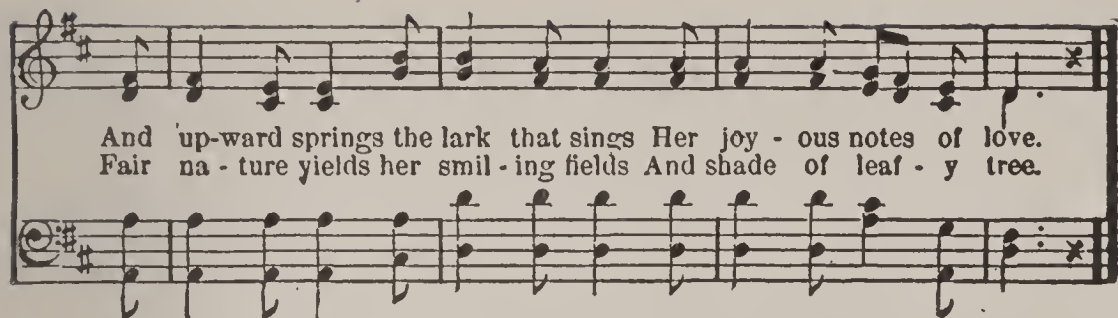
*ad lib.*



And hap - pi - er far am I than he Who dwells in pal - ace bower,  
 And ma - ny a bird from earth will spring To greet the glo - rious sky.



For near me grows the wild white rose, The bright sky beams a - bove,  
 For paint - ed halls and pal - ace walls I care not, whilst for me



Reading of compositions on "Historic Trees of America,"  
"Legends of Trees," "Forest Life," "Poetry of Trees," "Lovers  
of Trees," "Birds and Flowers," "Spring's Heralds," "Making  
Maple Sugar," "Favorite Flowers," "May-Day Pleasures,"  
"Old-Fashioned Gardens."

*Recitation (to precede the tree-planting):*

### Choosing the Tree.

Come, happy children, with footsteps light,  
To the cool green woods away!  
Let us choose a tree that is young and strong  
To plant on Arbor day.

Shall it be the beech with its folded leaves  
And its trunk so rough and brown?  
Or the maple whose crimson blossoms burn  
While softly drifting down?

Here is the chestnut that turns to gold  
When the summer days are dead,  
And here the oak that then shall wear  
A robe of russet red.

Here are the linden's pointed buds,  
And the sweet gum's spicy smell,  
And the graceful elm whose drooping boughs  
The bluebirds love so well.

The silver birch, like a white clad ghost,  
'Mid the other trees is seen;  
And the wild plum drops her blossom snow,  
To open leaves of green.

Which shall it be, oh, children dear?  
We may choose whate'er we will,



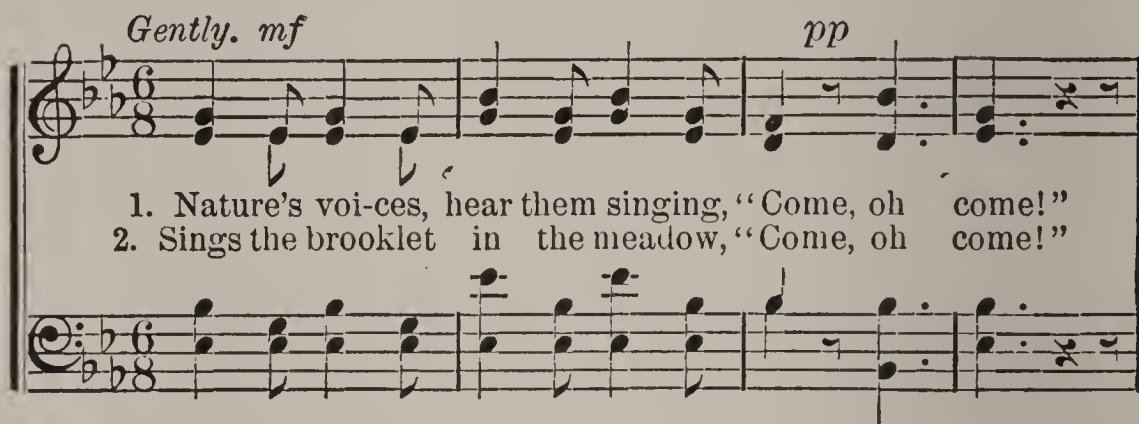
For a hundred others as fair as these  
Are left in the forest still.

But see that the roots are strong and firm,  
And the sap is running gay,  
And carefully bring it from the woods  
To plant on Arbor day. —*Angelina W. W. ay.*

*Song by the School.*

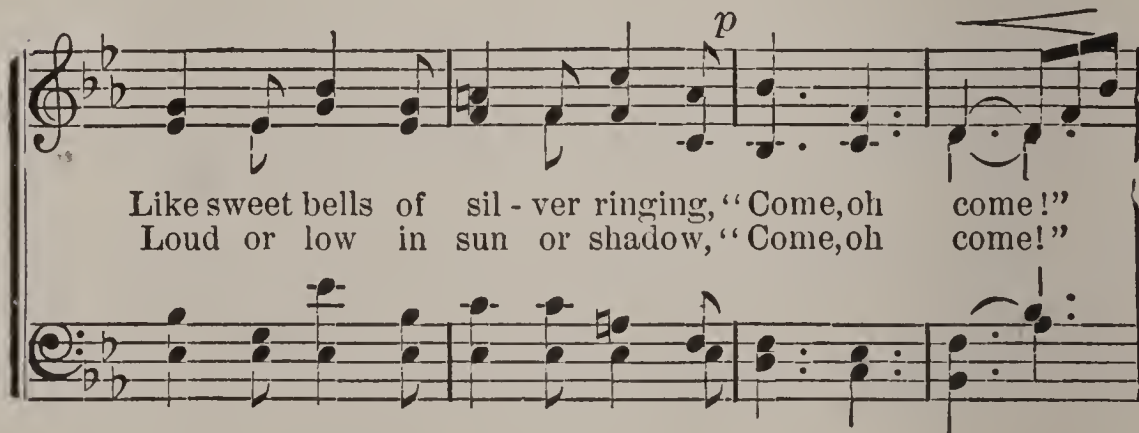
### Nature's Voices.

*Gently. mf* *pp*



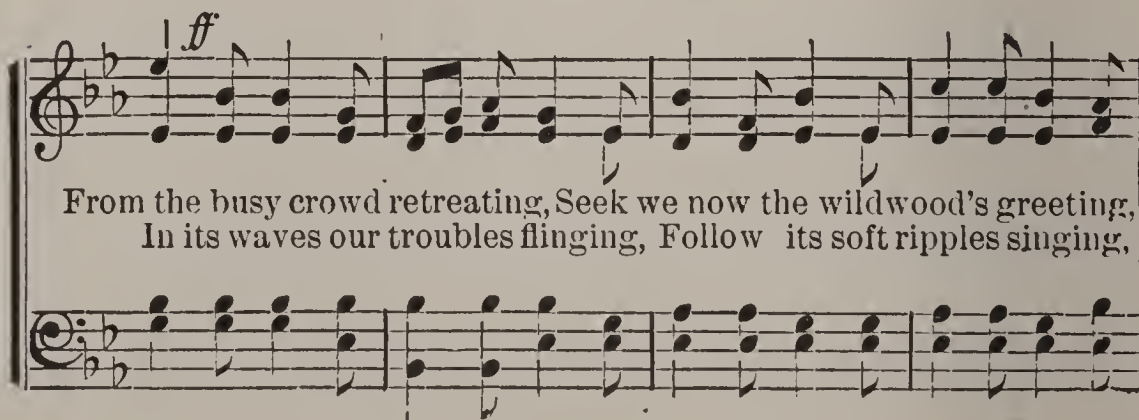
1. Nature's voi-ces, hear them singing, "Come, oh come!"  
2. Sings the brooklet in the meadow, "Come, oh come!"

*p*



Like sweet bells of sil-ver ringing, "Come, oh come!"  
Loud or low in sun or shadow, "Come, oh come!"

*ff*



From the busy crowd retreating, Seek we now the wildwood's greeting,  
In its waves our troubles flinging, Follow its soft ripples singing,



3. Whispers from the woods entreat us  
     "Come, oh come!"  
 Warbling birds fly forth to meet us,  
     "Come, oh come!"  
 Earth, and air, and sunlight falling  
 Claim us as their children, calling,  
     "Welcome, welcome home!"
4. Breezes call us, swelling, dying,  
     "Come, oh come!"  
 Down the distance sinking, sighing,  
     "Come, oh come!"  
 Scatter on their wings our sorrow,  
 From that tone new courage borrow,  
     "Welcome, welcome home!"
5. Softly sings the placid river,  
     "Come, oh come!"  
 From our cares it beckons ever,  
     "Come, oh come!"  
 From life's selfish fret and fever  
 Sweet the murmur of the river,  
     "Welcome, welcome home!"
6. Balm and beauty without measure,  
     "Come, oh come!"  
 Rest, and peace, and purest pleasure,  
     "Come, oh come!"  
 Unto nature's bosom clinging,  
 Hear her voice so softly sirging,  
     "Welcome, welcome home!"

*Exercise after the planting :*

### Naming the Tree.

(Should Tennyson's name be chosen in naming a tree extend the exercises, if time permits, into a literary study of his life and works.)

*Teacher.*—For what famous poet shall we name our tree?

*Pupils.*—Alfred Tennyson.

*Teacher.*—Tell me in a few words about his life.

*Pupil.*—Alfred Tennyson was born in Lincolnshire, England, on the 6th of August, 1809. He won a prize at Cambridge for his poem of "Timbuctoo," but for nine years afterwards pub-



lished nothing, though he continued to write and study. His long poems, "In Memoriam" and "The Idyls of the King," made him famous and gained him the poet-laureateship of England. In 1892 Tennyson died, three years after writing the prophetic poem, "Crossing the Bar."

*Teacher.*—How does Tennyson write about his longing for spring?

*Pupil.*—

Dip down upon the northern shore,  
O sweet new-year, delaying long;  
Thou doest expectant nature wrong;  
Delaying long, delay no more.

What stays thee from the clouded noons  
Thy sweetness from its proper place?



Can trouble live with April days,  
Or sadness in the summer moons ?

Bring orchis, bring the fox-glove spire,  
The little speedwell's darling blue,  
Deep tulips dashed with fiery dew,  
Laburnums, dropping-wells of fire.

Now fades the last long streak of snow;  
Now bourgeois every maze of quick  
About the flowering squares ; and thick  
By ashen roots the violets blow.

Now rings the woodland loud and long,  
The distance takes a lovelier hue.  
And drowned in yonder living blue,  
The lark becomes a sightless song.

—From "*In Memoriam*."

(Other quotations may be added.)

*Teacher*.—We dedicate this tree to Tennyson to-day, and hope it will flourish like his works.

*Chorus to be sung after the tree is planted to the tune of "America."*

How softly breezes blow,  
Gone now the ice and snow,  
Springtime has come.  
Swallows fly here and there,  
Bird music fills the air,  
And round the flowers fair  
Gay insects hum.

O in this wakening time,  
Earth free from snow and rime,  
Has its new birth.  
And hear the trees all say,  
Dear friends, plant us, we pray,  
Plant us on Arbor day.

In the brown earth. —*Lizzie M. Hadley.*

*Exercise for the school and visitors :*

## Choosing a State Flower and Tree.

(The quotations may be shortened or elaborated. The speakers stand upon a platform. Each wears a bouquet of flowers or a branch of the tree his lines describe. At the conclusion of the recitations pencils and slips of paper are handed around, and the results of the voting written upon the blackboard.)

*First Pupil.*—We are all going to vote for our favorite flower and tree. New York has already chosen, through the school children, the rose and the maple. The question is, What shall we take?

*Second Pupil.*—I would remind you of the fir and ash trees.

Let lofty firs and ashes cool  
The lowly banks o'erspread,  
And view, deep bending in the pool,  
Their shadows' watery bed.

*Third Pupil (a small child).*—

I'd rather choose a daisy,  
The little children's flower,  
Than any prouder beauty  
That decks my lady's bower.

—*Glover (adapted).*

*Fourth Pupil.*—

But shrubs there are  
That at the call of spring  
Burst forth in blossomed fragrance; lilacs robed  
In snow-white innocence or puple pride. —*Thomson.*

*Fifth Pupil (a boy).*—

A song to the old oak ! the brave old oak !  
Who hath ruled in the greenwood long,  
Here's health and renown to his broad green crown,  
And his fifty arms so strong. —*Chorley.*

*Sixth Pupil.*—But when the bare and wintry winds we see,  
What, then, so cheerful as the holly tree?

—*Southey.*

*Seventh pupil.*—

Behold the trees unnumbered rise,  
 Beautiful in various dyes ;  
 The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,  
 The yellow beech, the somber yew,  
 The slender fir that taper grows,  
 The sturdy oak, with broad spread boughs.

—Dyer.

*Eighth pupil.*—I would speak for the autumn flower, the fringed gentian—

Thou waitest late, and com'st alone,  
 When woods are bare and birds have flown.  
 And frosts and short'ning days portend  
 The aged year is near his end.

—Bryant.

*Ninth pupil (showing a dandelion).*—

Dear common flower, that growest beside the way,  
 Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold !  
 . . . thou art more dear to me  
 Than all the prouder summer blooms may be.

—Lowell.

*Tenth pupil.*—My subtle charm is strangely given,

My fancy will not let thee be ;  
 Then poise not thus 'twixt earth and heaven,  
 O white anemone !

—Elaine Goodale.

*Eleventh pupil.*—

The blossoms and leaves in plenty  
 From the apple trees fall each day ;  
 The merry breezes approach them,  
 And with them merrily play.—Heine.

*Twelfth pupil (showing arbutus).*—Hail the flower whose early bridal makes the festival of Spring !—Elaine Goodale.

*Thirteenth pupil.*—Remember the elm tree for its significance in the history of our country—one in Cambridge, beneath whose branches Washington took command of the army in 1775 ; another in Washington, facing the capitol, that was planted by

our first president; one in Philadelphia, under which William Penn made a treaty with the Indians.

*Fourteenth pupil.*—

Yes, sing the song of the orange tree,  
 With its leaves of velvet green :  
 With its luscious fruit of sunset hue,  
 The fairest that ever was seen ;  
 The grape may have its bacchanal verse,  
 To praise the fig we are free ;  
 But homage I pay to the queen of all,  
 The glorious orange tree. —Hoyt.

*Fifteenth pupil.*—

Oh ! the roses and lilies are fair to see,  
 But the wild bluebell is the flower for me.  
 —Meredith.

*Sixteenth pupil.*—Lowell calls our attention to the pine for its literary value, as “ the mother of legends.”

*Seventeenth pupil.*—

The buttercups, bright-eyed and bold,  
 Hold up their chalices of gold  
 To catch the sunshine and the dew.  
 —Julia C. R. Dorr.

*Eighteenth pupil.*—Contrast the poplar with the willow. The first lifts up its boughs and gives no shade nor shelter. The other, the higher it soars the lower its boughs droop.

*Nineteenth pupil.*—

The lily of the vale, of flowers the queen,  
 Puts on the robe she neither sew'd nor spun.  
 —Bruce.

*Twentieth pupil.*—

Here's flowers for you.  
 Hot lavender, mints, savory marjoram ;  
 The marigold that goes to bed with th' sun,  
 And with him rises weeping. —Shakespeare.

*Twenty-first pupil.—*

The violet's charms I prize indeed,  
~~So~~ 't is and fair,  
 And smells so sweet.

—Goethe.

*Twenty-second pupil.—*

Fragrant o'er all the western groves  
 The tall magnolia towers unshaded.

—Brooks.

*Twenty-third pupil (holding garland of roses).—*

White with the whiteness of the snow,  
 Pink with the faintest rosy glow,  
 They blossom on their sprays.

*Twenty-fourth pupil.—*

Maple tree! Maple tree! none can compare with thee!  
 Sipping earth's nectar to sweetness impart.

—Holbrook.

*Closing song by the school.*

(Let a few chosen voices sing with expression the first half of the fourth line, and the second half be repeated louder by the entire school.)

## Farewell to the Grove.

Moderate Time.

GERMAN MELODY.

1. Ver-dant grove, fare-well to thee, Clad in ver-nal bean-ty;  
 2. What de-light 'o lin-ger here, 'Mid the sha-dy bow-ers;  
 3. But the night for-bids my stay, I must leave in sor-row;

Thine my part-ing song shall be, 'Tis a sa-cred du-ty;  
 From the sil-ver foun-tain clear, Cull-ing fra-grant flow-ers;  
 To your rest, ye birds, a-way, And dream of the mor-row;



*p* *mf*

Let thy warbler's tune - ful throng Bear the ech - oes of my song.  
 Would I might with garlands crowned, Breathing o - - dors sweet a - round,  
 Fare ye well, ye sha - dy bow'rs, With your blooming, fra - grant flow'rs,

*f* *mf*

Far o'er hill and val - ley, Far o'er hill and val - ley.  
 Tar - ry with thee long - er, Tar ry with thee long - er.  
 Till an - oth - er meet - ing, Till an - oth - er meet - ing.

## ARBOR DAY EXERCISES.

If possible, let one tree be planted each year by the scholars and, if possible, on the school grounds. In cities, this will be impossible, of course. Planting must be arranged in parks. In these cases, it is usual to have some prominent public man make an address. The children march and sing. But as there will be few compared with the vast number that may plant on their own grounds, the teacher will want exercises fitted for a "tree planting" on his own premises.

1. There will be exercises in the school building; then these being finished,

2. There will be exercises at the spot selected for the planting; At a signal the school will rise, and march in this order:

1. The speaker and teacher.
2. The pupils who will plant the tree.
3. Those who will perform any part.
4. Those who will sing, etc.
5. Guests.
6. The rest of the pupils.

This part of the exercise should be practiced until it can be well done.

(The tree should be at the spot, the opening made in the ground, the shovels and dirt in place.)

There should be a platform decorated with evergreens and flowers. On coming to order the speaker chosen will make an address. This program will be followed:

1. "Why we plant this tree."
2. Song.
3. A recitation in concert.
4. Song.
5. Dismission.

**EXERCISE IN THE SCHOOL-ROOM.**

*The teacher :—*

To-day is the "Tree Planting Day." We are going to plant something to-day that will live long after we are gone. A great many persons have thought about trees. I will ask you to tell us what you have found.

*1st pupil :—*

The first one to plant trees was the great Creator. He commanded the earth to bring forth "the fruit tree yielding fruit after his kind." And when the Creator saw it he "saw that it was good." When he made the garden in Eden he caused to grow "every tree that is pleasant to the sight." This shows us that the Creator felt that trees were necessary to the happiness of mankind.

*2nd pupil :—*

Without doubt, better trees there might be than even the most noble and beautiful now. I suppose God has, in His thoughts, much better ones than he has ever planted on this globe. They are reserved for the glorious land. Beneath them we may walk !

—H. W. BEECHER.

)  
**THE BEAUTY OF TREES.**

*3rd pupil :—*

When we plant a tree we are doing what we can to make our planet a more wholesome and happier dwelling-place for those who are to come after us, if not for ourselves. As you drop the seed, as you plant the sapling, your left hand hardly knows what your right hand is doing. But Nature knows, and in due time the Power that sees and works in secret will reward you openly. You have been warned against hiding your talent in a napkin ; but if your talent takes the form of a maple-key or an acorn, and your napkin is a shred of the apron that covers the lap of the earth, you may hide

it there unblamed ; and when you render in your account you will find that your deposit has been drawing compound interest all the time.

—O. W. HOLMES.

*4th pupil :—*

If it is something to make two blades of grass grow where only one was growing, it is much more to have been the occasion of planting an oak which shall defy twenty scores of winters, or an elm which shall canopy with its green cloud of foliage half as many generations of mortal immortalities. I have written many verses, but the best poems I have produced are the trees I planted on the hillside which overlooks the broad meadows, scalloped and rounded at their edges by loops of the sinuous Housatonic.

—O. W. HOLMES.

*5th pupil :—*

What are these maples and beeches and birches but odes and idyls and madrigals? What are those pines and firs and spruces but holy hymns, too solemn for the many-hued raiment of they gay deciduous neighbors?

—O. W. HOLMES.

#### USEFULNESS OF TREES.

*6th pupil :—*

“ We may obtain some idea of the usefulness of trees when we learn that we obtain from forests of the United States over \$700,000,000 worth of products every year. Among these products are lumber, timber, railroad ties, telegraph poles, fuel, charcoal, fencing stuff, rosin, tar, turpentine, tan-bark, etc. In fact, no other crop equals that of the forest in money value.”

*7th pupil :—*

“ Our supply of some of the best kinds of timber is being rapidly exhausted. Forest fires alone do damage each year to the extent of \$300,000,000. These fires are caused in different ways—by the sparks from locomo-

tives, the carelessness of farmers in clearing their land, and from camp-fires left by hunters. Such fires are the chief discouragement to timber culture. In addition to the loss by fire, there are droughts, floods, changes of climate, etc., and from all of these our forests suffers."

*8th pupil* :—

"Many parts of the old world, which were once fertile and thickly peopled, have become so impoverished through the destruction of forests that they are barren and uninhabited. Large regions in south-western France, which were once marshy and sandy, are now giving a living to dense populations, because trees were planted and cultivated."

*Teacher.*

"We are going to plant a tree to-day, and I want you to tell me which is your favorite tree, and if possible quote something about it."

*1st pupil, (boy).*

"I choose the apple tree. It is a good tree for shade, for its branches spread so far, and then it is useful as well as ornamental. I don't know what we should do without apples, and I think we ought to plant as many apple trees as we can. It was a favorite tree with Bryant, the poet. He says ;

"What plant we in this apple-tree ?

Sweets for a hundred flowering springs

To load the May-wind's restless wings,

When from the orchard's row, he pours

Its fragrance through the open doors :

A world of blossoms for the bee,

Flowers for the sick girl's silent room,

For the glad infant sprigs of bloom,

We plant with the apple-tree.'"



*2nd pupil, (girl).*

“ Apples are very nice, of course, but I love the blossoms better. I found a quotation from Henry Ward Beecher, and although it is not poetry, I think it very appropriate :

“ ‘ But we must not neglect the blossoms of fruit trees. What a great heart an apple-tree must have ! What generous work it makes of blossoming ! It is not content with a single bloom for each apple that is to be ; but a profusion, a prodigality of blossoms, there must be. The tree is but a huge bouquet ; it gives you twenty times as much as there is need for, and evidently because it loves to blossom.’ ”

*3d pupil, (boy).*

“ I love the pine. It stands up so straight and tall, that it looks like a king among trees. I have two verses to the pine by James Russell Lowell :

“ ‘ Thou alone know’st the splendor of winter,  
     ’Mid thy snow-silvered, hushed precipices,  
 Hearing crags of green ice groan and splinter,  
 And then plunge down the muffled abysses,  
     In the quiet of midnight.

‘ ‘ Thou above know’st the glory of summer,  
     Gazing down on thy broad seas of forest ;  
 On thy subjects that send a proud murmur  
     Up to thee, to their sachem, who towerest  
     From thy bleak throne to heaven.’ ”

*4th pupil, (boy).*

“ I think the hemlock quite as handsome as the pine. It is green in winter as well as summer. Longfellow has written some very pretty lines about it :

“ ‘ O hemlock tree ! O hemlock tree ! how faithful are  
     thy branches ;  
 Green not alone in summer time.

But in the winter's frost and rime !  
O hemlock tree ! O hemlock tree ! how faithful are  
thy branches !' "

*5th pupil, (girl).*

" I love the aspen. I can't help pitying the poor tree, for it trembles, trembles, all the time, as if it had been frightened. I have some lines about the aspen. They were written by John Leyden:

" ' Beneath a shivering canopy reclined  
Of aspen leaves that wave without a wind,  
I love to lie when lulling breezes stir  
The spiry cones that tremble on the fir.' "

*6th pupil, (boy).*

" Nobody seems to think of the oak, which I call the grandest of trees. Only think how large it grows and how long it lives ! A little while ago, somebody called the pine the king of trees ; but I think you will agree with me that the name belongs to the oak. I found a great deal of poetry about the oak, but I like these lines by H. F. Chorley best of all:

" ' A song to the oak, the brave old oak,  
Who hath ruled in the greenwood long ;  
Here's health and renown to his broad, green crown,  
And his fifty arms so strong.  
There's fear in his frown when the sun goes down,  
And the fire in the West fades out ;  
And he showeth his might on a wild mid-night,  
When the storms through his branches shout.' "

*7th pupil, (boy).*

" I say let us plant a hickory tree. We may never eat the nuts ourselves, but perhaps our grand-children will have fun going nutting in the autumn. I am glad somebody had the good sense to plant hickory trees for us, and I guess the squirrels are glad too :

“ ‘ When the autumn comes its round  
Rich, sweet walnuts will be found,  
Covering thickly all the ground  
Where my boughs are spread.  
Ask the boys that visit me,  
Full of happiness and glee,  
If they’d mourn the hickory tree  
Were it felled and dead.’ ”

*8th pupil, (girl).*

“ I love the lilac tree, its blossoms are so sweet in the spring ! Don’t you remember what pretty bouquets we made of lilacs last year. We set the vases in the windows, and the bees came and helped themselves to honey. I think we ought to remember the bees as well as the squirrels. Mrs. Stebbins has written some lines about the lilac:

“ ‘ I am thinking of the lilac-trees,  
That shook their purple plumes,  
And when the sash was open,  
Shed fragrance through the rooms.’ ”

*9th pupil, (boy).*

“ The willow is my favorite tree. Perhaps I like it so well because it shows signs of life so early in the spring.

“ The willow is almost the earliest to gladden us with the promise and reality of beauty in its graceful and delicate foliage, and the last to scatter its yellow, yet scarcely withered, leaves upon the ground. All through the winter, too, its yellow twigs give it a seeming aspect, which is not without a cheering influence, even in the grayest and gloomiest day. Beneath a clouded sky it faithfully remembers the sunshine.”

*10th pupil, (girl).*

“ I think the ash is a beautiful tree. I can’t make a speech about it, but I can tell you what Mr. Lowell says :

“ ‘ The ash her purple drops forgivingly,  
And sadly, breaking not the general hush ;  
The maple swamps glow like a sunset sea,  
Each leaf a ripple with its separate flash ;  
All round the woods' edge creeps the skirting blaze  
Of bushes low, as, when on cloudy days,  
Ere the rain falls, the cautious farmer burns his brush.’ ”

*11th pupil, (boy).*

“ No one has cast a vote for the maple. I think it the most beautiful of all trees, and perhaps when you have heard my quotation, you will agree with me :

“ ‘ Green is its canopy in June,  
In the branches birds are all in tune;  
In the fall a cloak of red  
Wraps it up to its tall head.

Take the birds with their songs so sweet,  
Take the grass and the rustic seat ;  
Take them all, but leave to me,  
This one sun-kissed maple tree.’ ”

*12th pupil, (girl).*

“ I choose the holly. It is not so pretty in summer as many other trees, but in winter, when everything else is dull and bare, then we appreciate the holly tree. Southey says about this tree :

“ ‘ When the summer trees are seen  
So bright and green,  
The holly leaves a sober hue display  
Less bright than they ;  
But when the bare and wintry woods we see  
What, then, so cheerful as the holly tree !  
So would I seem amid the young and gay,  
More grave than they !  
That in my age as cheerful I might be  
As the green winter of the holly tree.’ ”



*13th pupil, (boy).*

"I am surprised that no one has mentioned the elm. I am sure that it is the most beautiful and graceful of all trees, and I am strongly in favor of planting an elm to-day. Tennyson says of this tree :

" ' In crystal vapor everywhere  
Blue eyes of heaven laughed between,  
And, far in forest-deeps unseen,  
The top-most elm-tree gathered green  
From draughts of balmy air.' "

*14th pupil, (boy).*

"I think that the elm is a favorite tree with all, and that it has only been over-looked, not ignored. The elm tree has a history. Have you forgotten the 'Washington Elm,' at Cambridge? Washington stood under this tree when he took command of the Continental army. Besides this, there is the 'Burgoyne Elm' at Albany, N. Y., planted on the day when the British general was brought a prisoner into the city. Fellow-students, the elm tree has a good claim to be considered."

*15th pupil, (girl).*

"I remember another famous elm, the 'Old Liberty Elm,' in Boston, planted before the Revolutionary war, and dedicated to liberty. I, too, am in favor of this beautiful, stately tree. I think these words of Longfellow are appropriate here:

" ' Great elms o'erhead  
Dark shadows move on their aerial looms,  
Shot through with golden threads.' "

*Teacher :*

"I am sure we all have been much interested in this discussion. I confess that I am partial to the elm, and it seems to be the choice of a number of the pupils.



Perhaps this may be because a committee chosen from you has decided to plant an elm to-day. We will now proceed to plant our tree. I hope it will grow tall and straight and beautiful. And although it may never have a history like some of the elms just mentioned, I hope it will do some good in the world."

#### ADDRESS AT PLANTING.

#### WHY WE PLANT THIS TREE.

We plant a tree to-day. We place its roots in the ground and gather the soft earth about them, and then leave it to the nurture of the sun and the rain. But it is a thing of life ; it sets out to grow. And if in ten years we look for our tree, we shall find that it has increased in height, and gives evidence of an increased strength. New branches will have been put forth, innumerable leaves will have been unfolded in the sun and have fallen to the earth to enrich the soil. This tree, if untouched by the woodman's axe, will be found here a hundred years from now ; it is possible that it may last a thousand years. There are trees in Palestine that are undoubtedly two thousand years old.

We are, therefore, dealing with a thing of life. We are following the example of the Creator, who caused the earth to bring forth trees long before man was placed on the earth. We are following in the footsteps of every one who is a lover of nature. No sooner does man erect him a home than he plants trees around it. It is a noble instinct that impels him to place such an object of beauty about his home.

We plant and we leave the tree, but behold the miracle. It grows night and day. The rain falls on it, and its leaves drink in the moisture. The sun shines on it, and a new life thrills in its branches. Night and day we may trust the sure processes of nature. She remem-

bers her flowers and her trees. When winter approaches she teaches them to drop their leaves and battle with the cold and the snow, and wait for the return of the spring.

“ I marked the forest ; November’s blast  
Was strewing the leaves around.  
But I knew when spring should come at last  
New leaves would again be found.”

We plant the tree, and we go our ways. We may see it for a time, but we pass away. Others will pause beneath its branches. It will bring pleasure to all whose eyes rest upon it. We shall be thus conferring good upon others by our act of to-day. This is one of the noblest motives that can actuate a human being. We may not be able to pluck a single leaf from it, but others will. Year after year those who are strangers to us will derive satisfaction from beholding it. Let that be a constant motive before us—to do good as we have opportunity for, those we never shall know or see in this life !

We have planted to-day a form that will perpetuate itself. In that tree there exists a power to cause trees like itself to exist as long as the world lasts. Flowers will be found on its branches ; these flowers will expand to fruit ; in the fruit there will be a seed, and from the seed will spring up another tree. Thus the solemn processes of nature will go on.

This tree has lessons for us to learn. It will be rudely shaken by the blasts of winter. It will only strike its roots still deeper, and anchor itself more firmly, so as to defy the storms. We go forth into a world where shocks are certain to come. We must learn from this tree to withstand the assaults that may come, and to let the birds sing overhead when the morning dawns.

## ARBOR DAY EXERCISE.—II.

### PROGRAM.

#### PART I.—EXERCISES IN THE SCHOOL-ROOM.

1. Song.
2. Recitation.
3. Song.
4. Address.
5. Reasons why trees should be planted.
6. Song.
7. Declamation.
8. The Plea of the Trees—a medley.

#### PART II —EXERCISES AT THE TREE-PLANTING.

1. Arbor day song.
2. Planting of the tree.
3. Recitation.
4. Dismission.

#### PART I.—EXERCISES IN THE SCHOOL-ROOM.

Song : “ Spring.”

*1st boy :*

“ For lo ! the winter is past, the rain is over and gone,  
the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing  
birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the  
land.”

*1st girl :*

“ Thou pulse of joy, whose throb beats time  
For daisied field, for blossoming spray !  
To dance of leaf and song-bird’s chime,  
Set all the prose of life to rhyme.  
Ring in the May !”

*2nd boy :*

“ Like the glad dawn ushering in the winged hours of  
day, the jocund spring heralds the successive changes of  
the seasons.”

*2nd girl :*

‘ These, as they change, Almighty Father, these  
Are but the varied God ; the rolling year

Is full of thee. Forth in the pleasing spring  
 Thy beauty walks, Thy tenderness and love.  
 Wide flush the fields ; the softening air is balm ;  
 Echo the mountains round ; the forest smiles ;  
 And every sense, and every heart is joy."

3rd boy :

" Winter is well-nigh past and gone, driven away by  
 the advent of the still young spring."

3rd girl :

" Dull winter hastens to be gone,  
 He's disappearing fast ;  
 The sunny hours are coming on,  
 The stormy time is past.  
 The ice no longer binds the rill,  
 Nor snows their mantle fling ;  
 For every bleak and barren hill  
 Has kissed the breeze of spring."

*(Little girl comes skipping in. She has flowers in her  
 hands and a wreath on her head. Repeats :)*

" I come, I come, ye have called me long,  
 I come o'er the mountains with light and song !  
 Ye may trace my steps o'er the wakening earth,  
 By the winds that tell of the violets' birth,  
 By the primrose-stars in the shadowy grass,  
 By the green leaves opening as I pass."

*(Another little girl enters.)*

2nd girl :

" God might have made the earth bring forth  
 Enough for great and small,  
 The oak-tree and the cedar-tree  
 Without a flower at all.  
 We might have had enough, enough  
 For every want of ours,  
 For luxury, and medicine, and toil,  
 And yet have had no flowers."



*4th girl :*

“ I am coming, I am coming !  
 Hark ! the little bee is humming ;  
 See ! the lark is soaring high  
 In the blue and sunny sky ;  
 And the gnats are on the wing,  
 Wheeling round in airy ring.  
 Look around thee, look around !  
 Flowers in all the fields abound ;  
 Every running stream is bright,  
 All the orchard trees are white,  
 And each small and waving shoot  
 Promises sweet flowers and fruit.”

*1st boy :*

Well, you girls may have the flowers, but give me the trees !

“ Hurrah ! for the beautiful trees.  
 Hurrah ! for the forest grand,  
 The pride of his centuries,  
 The garden of God's own hand.”

*2nd boy :*

“ Hail to the trees !

Patience and generous mothers of mankind,  
 Arching the hills, the minstrels of the mind,  
 Spring's glorious flowers, and summer's balmy tents,  
 A sharer in man's free and happier sense.”

*3rd boy :*

“ You will find something far greater in the woods  
 than you will find in books. Stones and trees will teach  
 you that which you will never learn from masters.”

*Teacher :*

“ Children, thank God for these great trees  
 That fan the land with every breeze,  
 Whose drooping branches form cool bowers  
 Where you can spend the summer hours.—  
 For these thank God.



For fragrant sweets of blossoms bright,  
Whose beauty gives you such delight;  
For the soft grass beneath your feet,  
For new mown hay and clover sweet,—  
For all thank God.”

Song: “Scatter the Germs of the Beautiful.”

Address, by a pupil:

It is becoming customary in most of our schools to set apart a day for planting trees. The idea was talked of a number of years ago, but it did not take tangible form until 1874, when the governor of Nebraska issued a proclamation setting apart a day to be known as Arbor Day. The good work thus inaugurated has not only produced direct results in securing thousands of growing trees on the hitherto treeless prairies of Nebraska, but the example has been followed by many other states, until Arbor Day promises to become as generally observed as Thanksgiving. New York is one of the latest states to adopt the idea. The legislature of 1888 enacted a law setting apart the Friday following the first day of May in each year as Arbor Day, and making it the duty of the authorities of every school in the state “to assemble the scholars in their charge on that day in the school building, or elsewhere, as they may deem proper, and to provide for and conduct, under the general supervision of the city superintendent or the school commissioner, or other chief officers having the general oversight of the public schools in each city or district, such exercises as shall tend to encourage the planting, protection, and preservation of trees and shrubs, and an acquaintance with the best methods to be adopted to accomplish such results.

The work thus begun will grow through the coming years. It will lead to intelligent study of tree-planting and forestry. It will clothe the treeless plain of the

West with timber for ornament, protection from winds, and economical value, and help to arrest, before it is too late, the wasteful destruction of our forests.

SOME REASONS WHY TREES SHOULD BE PLANTED.

*Teacher :*

Can you give some reasons why we should plant trees?

*1st pupil :*

Trees should be planted for ornamentation. No matter how much we are crowded with the cares of life, we cannot afford to ignore the beautiful. "Life without beauty is a dead and unwholesome thing," and surely "trees are fit to minister to man's manly sense of beauty." The farmer knows that his farm will sell more readily if planted with beautiful trees, and it is worth more to him because of the trees that his own hands have planted and nourished.

*2nd pupil :*

We should plant trees as a matter of economy. What is to be done with the waste lands on our farms that are too wet and marshy to be of any use. If these low places are planted with the willow, elm, or larch, it will not only make the swamp into a field of beauty, but it will be a profit to the owner. Why should there be these useless acres when with a little labor they might be reclaimed and covered with waving grain?

*3rd pupil :*

We should plant trees in the cause of health. It is well known that growing trees absorb large quantities of gases from the earth and air. While these gases are dangerous to us, they are the very life of the trees, and are absorbed by them in large quantities. On the other hand, the trees give off gases that are useless to them, but are necessary to our existence. Thus the animal life and the vegetable life are mutually dependent upon

each other. What a wonderful arrangement of nature this is! So, we repeat, if you value health, plant trees  
*4th pupil:*

There is another reason why we should plant trees—on account of the modification of temperature. Scientists say that trees have the power of absorbing and storing up latent heat, and giving it out in time of extreme cold. Besides this, trees are said to have the power of absorbing moisture, and giving it out through its leaves and branches in times of extreme drought. See how the extremes of temperature may be lessened by the agency of trees? One thing is certain, a treeless region can never be fertile and fruitful.

*5th pupil:*

Trees increase the amount of rainfall. Again, their roots check the force of torrents, they make the ground porous, and drink the rain in, to be given out again when needed. Forests, by means of their foliage, throw great quantities of moisture into the air, and this being condensed at night falls in the form of dew. Is this not a good reason for planting trees?

*6th pupil:*

We should plant trees for the sake of the birds. If there are no trees there will be no birds, for the trees are their homes. Who can afford to be without their sweet songs? Don't they pay their way by the concerts they give us every morning? Besides this, birds are of much value to the farmer because they devour millions of insects that feed upon his crops and fruit trees. The wise man will plant trees, and so encourage the birds in their friendly efforts for our good.

Song: "Nature's Teachings."

#### DECLAMATION.

When the white man first came to this country he

found it covered with trees. The red man believed it would offend the Great Spirit to change anything that He had created, but the white man had no such scruples. He cut down the trees, used what he needed of them to furnish and build his cabin, to cook his food and warm him, and burned what was in his way. His children and grand-children, and every generation since have used timber and wood in a lavish manner, and made no provision for planting. Now we are beginning to feel the effects of this wastefulness. We are visited by terrible floods every year, because there is no tree-covered soil to hold back the moisture. The water rushes down the hillsides, swells the creeks, and floods the country. Then in summer we have no beautiful brooks as we once had. The water has all run off, the earth becomes parched, and our wells become dry. At last we find that trees are a necessity, the people begin to cry, "We must have trees." We have therefore met to-day to plant a tree. We may not live to sit beneath the shade of this tree, but it will cast its shade on some one. It is a beautiful thing to plant a tree. When the Creator planned for man's happiness in the Garden of Eden, He planted trees. So we to-day plant a tree to make man happier and the world more beautiful.

### THE PLEA OF THE TREES.

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A MEDLEY.

*The Woodman :*

"And now in the forest the woodman doth stand,  
His eye marks the victims to fall by his hand;"  
And all the trees shiver and tremble for fear.  
Hark ! they plead for their lives ! will the woodcutter  
hear ?

—Adapted.



*The Oak :*

I am a monarch, the king of the trees,  
 Calmly I rise, and spread by slow degrees ;  
 Three centuries I grow ; and three I stay  
 Supreme in state ; and in three more decay.

—DRYDEN. ,

*Maple :*

O come this way  
 On a hot July day.  
 If my worth you would know ;  
 For wide and deep  
 Is the shade I keep,  
 Where cooling breezes blow.

—E. L. B.

*The Hemlock :*

I shake the snow on the ground below,  
 Where the flowers safely sleep ;  
 And all right long, though winds blow strong,  
 A careful watch I keep.

—E. L. B.

*Elm :*

Each morning when thy waking eyes first see,  
 Through the wreathed lattice, golden day appear,  
 Here sits the robin, on this old elm tree,  
 And with such stirring music fills thy ear,  
 Thou mightest forget that life had pain or fear ;  
 And feel again as thou wast wont to do  
 When hope was young, and joy and life itself were new.

—Adapted from ANNA MARIA WELLS.

*Hickory :*

When the autumn comes its round,  
 Rich, sweet walnuts will be found  
 Covering thickly all the ground  
 Where my boughs are spread.  
 Ask the boys that visit me,



Full of happiness and glee,  
If they'd mourn the hickory tree  
Were it felled and dead.

—E. L. B.

*The Palm :*

The loveliest

Amid a thousand strange and lovely shapes  
We stand serene, and with our nuts supply  
Beverage and food ; we edge the shore and crown  
The far-off highland summits ; our straight stems  
Bare, without leaf or bough, erect and smooth,  
Our tresses crowning like a crested helm  
The plumage of the grove.

—Adapted.

*The Beech :*

Oh, leave this barren spot to me !  
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree !  
Thrice twenty summers I have seen  
The sky grow bright, the forest green ;  
And many a wintry wind have stood  
In bloomless, fruitless solitude,  
Since childhood in my pleasant bower  
First spent its sweet and sportive hour.  
And on my trunk's surviving frame  
Carved many a long-forgotten name.

\* \* \* \* \*

As love's own altar honor me ;  
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree !

—CAMPBELL

*The Willow :*

Listen ! in my breezy moan  
You can hear an undertone ;  
Through my leaves come whispering low  
Faint, sweet sounds of long ago.

Many a mournful tale of old  
Heart-sick man to me has told ;

Gathering from my golden bough  
Leaves to cool his burning brow.

—*Adapted from* MRS. HEAMANS.

## EXERCISES AT THE TREE PLANTING.

ARBOR DAY SONG.—By ALICE S. WEBBER.

TUNE:—"John Brown's Body."

(The children join hands forming a circle around the tree, and move around it, while singing the chorus of each verse.)

We've left our books and tasks to-day to plant our  
favorite tree,  
We've searched the forests through and through the  
finest one to see.  
Now we'll plant it carefully and sing in merry glee,  
As we march round and round.

*Chorus.*—Arbor, arbor day has come,  
Arbor, arbor day has come,  
Arbor, arbor day has come,  
So we'll march round and round.

We'll plant it where we all can see our slender favorite  
grow,  
We'll study every day that all its habits we may know,  
And whene'er we see our tree our cheeks with pride will  
glow,  
So we'll march round and round.

*Chorus, etc.*

When weary people feel its shade they'll thank us o'er  
and o'er,  
And birds will build their nests in it, and sing their  
thanks the more ;  
And so this planting has for us some happier days in  
store,

So we'll march round and round.

*Chorus, etc.*

(After the singing the pupils gather around the tree, which has been placed in the hole prepared for it, and the teacher asks :

How shall we plant this tree ? They reply :

“ Cleave the tough greensward with a spade ;  
Wide let its hollow bed be made ;  
There gently lay the roots, and there  
Sift the dark mould with kindly care,  
And press it o'er them tenderly.  
As round the sleeping infant's feet,  
We softly fold the cradle sheet,  
So plant we the apple tree.”

(Instead of apple use maple, or any tree that has been selected. The tree should now be planted, the entire school marching around it, and each pupil throwing in a shovelful of earth.

*Teacher* :—As we plant this tree what are we doing for the good of mankind ?

*1st pupil* :—

“ He who plants a tree,  
Plants a hope,  
Rootlets up through fibres blindly grope  
Leaves unfold into horizons free.  
So man's life must climb  
From the clods of time  
Unto heavens sublime.  
Canst thou prophesy, thou little tree,  
What the glory of thy boughs shall be ?”

*2nd pupil* :—

“ He who plants a tree,  
Plants a joy ;  
Plants a comfort that will never cloy ;  
Every day a fresh reality,

Beautiful and strong,  
 To whose shelter throng  
 Creatures blithe with song.  
 If thou couldst but know, thou happy tree,  
 Of the bliss that shall inhabit thee ! ”

*3rd pupil :—*

“ He who plants a tree,  
 He plants peace ;  
 Under its green curtain, jargons cease.  
 Leaf and zephyr murmur soothingly ;  
 Shadows soft with sleep  
 Down tired eyelids creep,  
 Balm of slumber deep ;  
 Never hast thou dreamed, thou blessed tree  
 Of the benediction thou shalt be.”

*4th pupil :—*

“ He who plants a tree,  
 He plants youth ;  
 Vigor won for centuries, in sooth ;  
 Life of time that hints eternity !  
 Boughs their strength uprear ;  
 New shoots, every year,  
 On old growth appear.  
 Thou shalt teach the ages, sturdy tree,  
 Youth of soul is immortality.”

*5th pupil :—*

“ He who plants a tree,  
 He plants love ;  
 Tents of coolness spreading out above  
 Wayfarers he may not live to see.  
 Gifts that grow are best ;  
 Hands that bless are blest ;  
 Plant ! Life does the rest !

Heaven and earth help him who plants a tree,  
And his work its own reward shall be ! ”

(To be recited in concert.)

“ Oh, happy trees which we plant to-day,  
What great good fortunes wait you !  
For you will grow in sun and snow,  
Till fruit and flowers freight you.

Your winter covering of snow  
Will dazzle with its splendor;  
Your summer's garb, with richest glow,  
Will feast of beauty render.

In your cool shade will tired feet  
Pause, weary, when 'tis summer;  
And rest like this will be most sweet  
To every tired comer.

So do your work, oh, graceful trees !  
You have a share in giving ;  
If you shall bless mankind like these,  
Your life will be worth living.”

### TREE SONG.

By W. D.

TUNE: “ Auld Lang Syne.”

The pupils will quietly arrange themselves in a circle about the tree, the guests being within the bounds, and begin to march around to the chorus, “The lovely trees, the trees.” They will, after getting well started, begin on the first verse, and point to the tree, and wave flags, and throw bouquets.

The birds upon the branches high  
Will sweetly, gaily sing ;  
We plant for them a home this day  
To rest the weary wing.

*Chorus:* The lovely trees, the trees,  
The sheltering trees ;



We'll plant them here year after year,  
The useful trees.

The sun will smile upon the leaves,  
When morning light appears;  
The winds will whisper, soft and low,  
Through many coming years.

The traveler here may stop to rest,  
At noontide's sultry hour,  
And feel his weary soul refreshed  
Beneath this leafy bower.

### THE PRIMEVAL FOREST.

---

(To be recited in concert.)

This is the forest primeval; the murmuring pines and the hem-  
locks,  
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twi-  
light,  
Stand like Druids of old, with voices sad and prophetic,  
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms;  
And from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighboring ocean  
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate, answers the wail of the  
forest.

—LONGFELLOW.

### GOD'S FIRST TEMPLES.

---

(To be recited in concert.)

The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned  
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,  
And spread the roof above them—ere he framed  
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back  
The sound of anthems, in the darkling wood,  
Amidst the cool and silence he knelt down,  
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks  
And supplication.

—BRYANT.

### O, RICH AND RARE.

---

1. O rich and rare is the yellow gold,  
And bright is the diamond shining;

But costlier far than all these are  
The gems of our mental mining.

*Chorus:*

Join then with us in cheerful songs,  
To school we come with pleasure :  
We day by day will earnest be,  
And dig for mental treasure.

2. Better than gold is the mem'ry stored,  
With knowledge from all sources ;  
It brings us joy without alloy,  
And fits for future courses.

(Some teachers may prefer to use these verses.)

### THE VOICE OF THE TREES.

---

[To be recited in concert.]

Winter winds, and ice and storm,  
Have pinched and cramped my naked form ;  
But spring is coming soon, I know ;  
The warm south wind begins to blow ;  
To-day I heard a robin sing.  
Spring is coming ; she will bring  
Sunny beams to warm my feet.  
Then my round pink buds I'll don,  
Put my pearly bracelets on,  
Dress myself in robes of green,  
In honor of the season's queen.

### UNDER THE TREES.

---

[To be recited in concert.]

Summer or winter, day or night,  
The woods are an ever-new delight ;  
They give us peace, and they make us strong,  
Such wonderful balms to them belong ;  
So, living or dying, I'll take mine ease,  
Under the trees, under the trees.

—R. H. STODDARD.

The words and music of these songs will be found in "SONG TREASURES," published by E. L. KELLOGG & Co., New York City.  
Price, 15 cents.

PART III.

May=Day.

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Greeting to May.



By HELEN B. CURTIS.

Starting, starting from the earth,  
See the pretty flowers  
Waken from their winter's sleep  
By the spring-time showers.

Now we know that May hath come,  
O'er the meadows dancing,  
Robin lifts his sweetest song,  
Sunbeams round him dancing.

Bluebird's knocking at the door,  
Swallows hither coming,  
And, o'er all the sunny mead,  
Spring-time bees are humming.

Golden sunshine, silver rain,  
Each its work is doing.  
Birds and bees and blossoms fair  
Now the world renewing.

O thou merry month o' May !  
 We have come to meet you ;  
 Little lads and lassies gay,  
 Happily we greet you.

---

## A Carpet of Green.

By LETTIE E. STERLING.

(Sing this to the air of "A Spanish Cavalier.")

1. A carpet of green on meadows is seen,  
 And through many dooryards it reaches.  
 It runs over hills, it borders the rills.  
 A sermon of beauty it preaches.

### *Chorus :*

- There's a sweet growing grass wherever we pass,  
 The shadows upon it a-playing.  
 It came when the spring her freshness did bring ;  
 We're glad that it long will be staying.
2. The girl and the boy gay sport may enjoy  
 Upon this soft carpet around them.  
 They roll and they run, they laugh at the fun,  
 A portion of elf-land hath found them.
  3. 'Mid grasses, know the wild flowers grow,  
 And near them some secrets are hidden.  
 Each blade is a book if rightly we look ;  
 To read through the pages we're bidden.
- 

## 'Tis Spring.

(Intermediate-grade recitation.)

'Tis spring ! 'Tis spring ! I tell by the dew,  
 And the bursting buds just come in view ;  
 The well-armed branch of the prickly thorn,  
 The tender blades of the rising corn.  
 When wild herbs clad in their richest green  
 On the banks of the winding streams are seen.

The insect tribe, and each living thing,  
All, all combine to proclaim the spring.

'Tis spring ! 'tis spring ! I tell by the skies  
When the early sun begins to rise,  
And makes his way through the morning dew,  
And gives to the clouds a golden hue.  
The fragrant scent of the gentle breeze,  
Obtained from a hundred different trees,  
The insect tribe and each living thing,  
All, all combine to proclaim the spring.

—*Samuel Nichols.*

---

## May Day.

(For a primary child to recite.)

April's gone, the king of showers ;  
May is come, the queen of flowers ;  
Give me something, children dear,  
For a blessing on the year.  
For my garland give, I pray,  
Words and smiles of cheerful May,  
Birds of spring, to you we come,  
Let us pick a little crumb. —*John Keble.*

---

## A Call to the Flowers.

By ANNA H. BRANCH.

(This should be spoken as if really urging the flowers to make their appearance.)

Awake, ye tender flowers of spring,  
Hark to the calls the breezes blow ;  
The winter snows have disappeared,  
This morn the broad blue sky has cleared,  
And all the winds are singing low,  
“Awake, awake, ye flowers of spring.”

Sweet crocuses, why are ye late ?  
Say, know ye not that spring is here ?  
We've seen her in the woods to-day,  
We listened, and we heard her sa



With sobs—she thought no one was near—  
 “Why are my crocuses so late?”

Come violets, all in purple, come.

The robin's still, the bluebirds wait,  
 And you are shy, that you should stay,  
 While coaxing words the zephyrs say,  
 And Morn leans o'er her golden gate  
 And asks, “Have yet the violets come?”

Pray, daffodils, why linger so?

You ne'er were late before, you know;  
 Have you found wings, with which to fly,  
 And blossom in the western sky?  
 Then hasten, hasten down, for oh,  
 We wonder why you linger so.

---

## To the Cuckoo.

(A boy should be selected to give this recitation who can speak as if he were relating a personal experience.)

O blithe new-comer! I have heard,  
 I hear thee and rejoice.  
 O cuckoo! shall I call thee bird,  
 Or but a wandering voice?

While I am lying on the grass  
 Thy twofold shout I hear,  
 From hill to hill it seems to pass,  
 At once far off and near.

Though babbling only to the vale  
 Of sunshine and of flowers,  
 Thou bringest unto me a tale  
 Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring,  
 Even yet thou art to me  
 No bird, but an invisible thing;  
 A voice, a mystery.

The same whom in my school-boy days  
 I listened to ; that cry  
 Which made me look a thousand ways  
 In bush, and tree and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove  
 Through woods and on the green ;  
 And thou wert still a hope, a love ;  
 Still longed for, never seer..

And I can listen to thee yet ;  
 Can lie upon the plain  
 And listen, till I do beget  
 That golden time again.

O blessed bird ! the earth we pace  
 Again appears to be  
 An unsubstantial, faery place ;  
 That is fit home for thee !

—*William Wordsworth.*

## To the Arbutus.

By RANDALL N. SAUNDERS.

(The speaker should hold the flower in her hand, as she addresses it in the following poem.)

Far away out in the woodland  
 There I found you hidden deep,  
 Where the leaflets and the lichens  
 Were the guardians o'er your sleep.

Where the trees stood all around you  
 Waiting for your waking eyes,  
 And the highest heavenly incense  
 From their opening to arise.

Sweet, I found you in the woodland  
 And my heart grew wondrous light,  
 In the gladness of my nature,  
 O'er you, saved from winter's blight.

There you lay beneath the crystals,  
 Shivering, smothering, so forlorn,  
 Wishing for the day I found you  
 In the sunshine bright and warm.

Yet, O shyest, dainty blossom !  
 Like some little country maid,  
 When I sought there you had hidden  
 'Mongst the mosses in the glade.

Modestly you kept your blushes  
 And your beauties from my view—  
 Tried to hide your soulful fragrance,  
 But it flowed the green leaves thro.'

So may we our blushing faces,  
 Turn away 'neath hat or hood,  
 But our hearts' deep inmost natures  
 Will creep thro' the bad or good.

---

## May and the Flowers.

By ELIZABETH R. MOREY.

(Let the seven little girls in this exercise wear a dress the color of the flower each represents and carry blossoms in the hand or in a basket.)

*Enter six girls, Violet, Daffodil, Dandelion, Arbutus, Crocus and Jonquil. The two latter are very small children.*

*Violet :*

April climbed the year's green hill,  
 And saw the summer coming,  
 Starting flowers, singing birds,  
 And busy bees a-humming.

April's tears were falling fast,  
 The sunshine whispered, "Showers !"  
 Touched each drop with golden wand,  
 And turned them all to flowers.

Sprinkled o'er the meadows now,  
 These flowers, see, are lying ;  
 Happy May they wait to greet,  
 While tearful April's flying.

*Daffodil :*

Oh, aren't you glad cold winter's gone,  
And summer days are near ?  
But who do you think is on the way,  
Yes, even now is here ? (*May enters.*)

You needn't try to tell her name,  
We know you never can guess,  
But give one look at her laughing face  
And her pretty, flowery dress.

And now we're sure you want to know,  
So we'll tell her name straightway ;  
'Tis the youngest child of Mother Spring,  
Her little daughter May.

Oh, April cried when she saw her coming  
Pouted, and ran away ;  
So there's no one here but flowers  
To welcome you, little May.

*May :* What kindlier greeting need there be  
Than this, dear flowers, you give to me ?  
'Tis sweet to see each well known face  
Within its old accustomed place,  
And know that every flower, to-day  
Is glad to welcome back the May.

*Flowers :* Of course we're glad to see thee,  
Thou cheeriest month of spring,  
And this is why we flowers  
Our friendly greetings bring.  
Now take the offerings we lay  
Here at thy feet, O gracious May !

*Violet :* We are little violets,  
So happy all the day ;  
In purple, white, in blue and gold,  
We welcome in the May.

*Daffodil :*

I'm a pretty daffodil,  
Look at my golden crown.  
The children cry that May has come  
When they see my yellow gown.

*Dandelion :*

We start with earliest grasses  
And are spring-time's fairest scions,  
So to welcome you we've come here,  
The golden dandelions.

*Arbutus :*

Blushingly we lift our faces,  
Happy May, to you ;  
We're the Pilgrim's sturdy blossoms,  
Little Mayflower true.

*Crocus :* Each one here in gold and purple  
Is a crocus bright.

*Jonquils :* We, O May ! are pretty jonquils,  
In our frocks of white.

*All the flowers :*

So, O May ! we flowers have gathered,  
While the birds flit to and fro,  
And the apple, pear and cherry  
Drop their flakes of fragrant snow.

Peach trees blush to see thee coming,  
And in rainbow dye  
Tulips lift their wondrous flagons  
As May passes by.

Now may every bud and blossom  
Lift its head on bush and tree,  
That another name for gladness  
May shall ever be.



# The May Festival.

By LIZZIE M. HADLEY.

(A May-pole with ribbons or strips of blue and pink cambric should occupy the centre of the stage. When the children "braid the May-pole" an outer and inner circle is formed. As they sing, the outer circle goes to the left; the inner to the right, winding in and out.

One side of the stage should have a curtain or large screen to shut out Fairyland. Children representing flowers should be covered with brown or green tissue paper. As their names are called each one pushes aside the covering and stands. A large paper flower may be fastened on each head.)

CHARACTERS.	{ Minnie,	{ Two children.	Morning-glory,	{ Fairy
	{ Mabel.		Honeysuckle.	{ Heralds.
Queen of the Fairies,				
Hyacinths,	Violets,	Crocus,	Snowdrop,	
Dandelion,	Buttercup.	Daisy,	Bees,	Butterflies,
Village boys and girls,		Queen of May,		
Messenger,		Spirit of May-day.		

*Mabel.*—O, Minnie, what lovely ferns! Where did you get them?

*Minnie.*—Mamma has them in the conservatory, and she gave me these for the May Festival, but I'm afraid I must throw them away.

*Mabel.*—Why must you do that?

*Minnie.*—One side is covered with little brown spots, and I am sure they are not fit to use.

*Mabel.*—Let me look at them. Why, Minnie, those brown spots are the seeds!

*Minnie.*—O, Mabel! are you sure?

*Mabel.*—Yes, Minnie; when I was in the country mamma showed me some just like them.

*Minnie.*—Isn't that delightful?

*Sings.*—(*Any simple lively tune.*)

Fern-seed! fern-seed!  
 Who'll buy fern-seed?  
 Little lad! little lass!  
 This is what you need.

*Mabel:* Why, what will it do,  
 For me, or for you?

*Minnie:* All the doors of Fairyland  
 Will swing wide open at your command;  
 If you put these seeds within your shoe,  
 'The world of the fairies will meet your view.

(*Sings.*) Fern-seed ! fern-seed !  
 Fern-seed ! I cry.  
 Come, lads and lassies,  
 Come here and buy.

*Mabel.*—How nice it would be if we could see them.  
 Don't you wish it was true !

*Minnie.*—It is true ! All the fairy tales say so. Let's  
 put these seeds in our shoes and I am sure they will  
 come to us.

*Mabel.*—I'm afraid it is only a story. (*Both put fern-  
 seed in their shoes.*)

*Minnie.* I hope we shall see the Queen of the Fairies.  
 I shall ask her to send some flowers for May-day. I  
 don't believe we shall find half enough. (*Yawns.*) O  
 dear ! I'm so sleepy !

*Mabel.*—So am I. (*Both yawn.*) What—did—you—  
 say—about the flowers ?

*Minnie.*—(*Almost asleep.*) I'm afraid we sha'n't have  
 enough unless the fairies help us. (*Both fall asleep.*  
*Curtain rises, showing Fairyland and Heralds, Honeysuckle  
 and Morning-glory.*)

*Heralds :* Morning-glory blows his trumpet—  
 Fairies from the woodland,  
 Mountain and dell,  
 Hear ye, hear ye,  
 What I've come to tell.  
 Grass-fairies, leaf-fairies,  
 Flower fairies all,  
 Come ye, come ye,  
 Gather at my call.  
 Honeysuckle, blow your trumpet,  
 Lilies, ring your bells,  
 Moonshine and dew-fairies,  
 Weave with magic spells  
 Lace fine as gossamer,  
 Fit for our Queen.

Sweeter one, fairer one,  
 Never was seen.  
 Gold bees, 'gin your humming !  
 Lo ! now our Queen is coming.

(*Enter Queen. Both kneel.*)

Bow we before thee,  
Queen, we adore thee.

*Queen.*—Kneel not to me, fair heralds, but tell me how goes the work I gave you to do? Honeysuckle, why are the flowers so late?

*Honeysuckle :*

I've called them, O Queen ! but no one has stirred,  
No one has answered a single word.

*Queen.*—Well, call them again,  
They are lazy things,  
And somebody dust off  
The butterflies' wings.

'Tis time they were flitting and flying about,  
May-day is coming, and not one is out.

(*Sadly.*)

I'm Queen of the Fairies, ah me ! ah me !  
Nobody knows the trouble I see,  
Flowers are lazy ; not one will start,  
Not even the butterflies do their part.

(*Bees buzz.*)

Only the bees are willing to work,  
And these true heralds never will shirk ;  
All the work I give them, they're ready to do.  
But where are the flowers ? I need them too.  
Now call them again, call loud and clear.  
Tell them their sovereign, the Queen, is here.

*Heralds :*

Flower fairies, flower fairies, open your eyes,  
Creep from your little beds, yellow butterflies ;  
Grass unsheathe your swords o' green,  
And kneel in homage before your Queen.

*Honeysuckle :* Hark ! there's a rustling !

Hist ! there's a bustling !

Some one is stirring, I know.

(*Both.*) Brown earth is parting,  
Somebody's starting,  
Something's beginning to grow.

(*Flowers lift their heads and look around.*)

*Flower :*

O dear ! I'm sleepy ! sleepy and tired as I can be,  
 I don't believe it's time to grow,  
 I'm almost sure it is going to snow.  
 Why did they call me ? I can't see.  
 The cold and the flowers can never agree ;  
 I believe I'll take another nap,  
 For I don't like to sit in Winter's lap.

( *They all lie down.* )

*Honeysuckle :*

O, what lazy things ! They're gone back to bed,  
 In spite of all that the Queen has said.  
 I shall have to blow my trumpet again,  
 And this time I'll do it with might and main,  
 Now, bluebirds, make all the echoes ring,  
 And waken the woods with the songs you sing.

*Morning-glory :*

Violet, Violet ! lazy thing !  
 Bees are humming, bluebirds sing.  
 Springtime's come, and Summer's near.  
 Violet, Violet, wake up, dear.

*Violets : (Lift their heads.)*

You call us, so here we come up to the light,  
 Clad in purple, in yellow, in blue, and in white.

*Honeysuckle :*

Daffodil, Daffodil, where are you, pray ?  
 The Queen has need of your help to-day.

*Daffodil :*

I'm coming, I'm coming ; I know I am late.  
 It is sad that our Queen has had to wait,  
 But I lifted my head, scarce a week ago ;  
 There was naught to see but the ice and snow,  
 And I knew very well it was no use to wake,  
 Till Springtime old Winter's ice fetters should break.

*Honeysuckle.* Crocus ! Snowdrop !

*Crocus* and *Snowdrop.* We're coming, dear,

*Honeysuckle.* Hyacinth ! Hyacinth !

*Hyacinth.* I am here.



*Honeysuckle :*

Pretty Dandelion, starry face !  
I've called and looked in every place.  
Alack ! Alas ! the spring grows old,  
But no one has seen your face of gold.

*Dandelion :*

I'm down in the meadow, I'm under the grasses;  
There I wait and I watch for the lads and the lasses.  
Do they want me for May-day ? Whatever befall me,  
To the lads and the lasses I'll come, if they call me.

*Morning-glory :*

Now down in the meadow, so blithe and so gay,  
Where is bright Buttercup hiding to-day ?  
Buttercup ! Buttercup !  
Come, dear, wake up.

*Buttercup :*

I'm waking ! I'm waking. Now up to the light,  
I'm lifting my head with its cup so bright ;  
'Tis filled with dew, to the brim, I ween,  
A sparkling draught for the Fairy Queen.

*Queen :*

Thanks for your draught of honeyed dew,  
Dear little Buttercup, kind and true.  
Now where are the others ? Oh, where is Daisy ?  
I think it is strange, she should be so lazy.

*Buttercup :*

She's just awake from her winter's nap,  
I left her plaiting the frill of her cap.

*Heralds :*

Vain little Daisy ! you mustn't wait,  
The Queen has called ; it won't do to be late.

*Daisy :*

I am here ! I am here ! No one need wait  
But my pretty white frill I had to plait,  
For, of course, I want to look neat and clean,  
When I come to the court of the Fairy Queen.

*All the flowers :*

Of course we all must look neat and fair,  
We must smooth our dresses and plait our hair,



When we come to the court of the Fairy Queen,  
For, maybe, she'll want us to dance on the green.

FLOWERS SING.

(Tune: "Song of the Bobolink" in Silver Bells.)

Oh, we all are growing, growing,  
Each in his own way,  
And we all are coming, coming,  
Up to keep May-Day.  
Down within the earth's brown bosom  
We've been fast asleep,  
But our Queen has called us now,  
This holiday to keep ;  
So we all are coming, coming,  
Up to keep May-Day,  
And we all are growing, growing,  
Each in his own way.

*Queen :*

So you've come, pretty flowers ! But, Oh, how late !  
Don't you know it is wrong to make people wait ?  
Spring-time is here, and I've so much to do,  
The leaves and the grasses are tardy too.  
O, you silly things ! So afraid of its snowing,  
That you creep into bed, when you ought to be growing.  
But you've come, at last, in spite of the cold,  
And now that you're here it is no use to scold.  
Be ready for work ! There is no time to play,  
For to-morrow you all must keep merry May-Day.  
Crocus, Violet, Daffodil, too,  
A crown for the May-Queen they'll make of you ;  
Then round the May-pole they'll wreath the rest,  
And I want each flower to do its best.

Will you come every one ?  
Will you ope with the sun ?  
And never mind showers,  
For May-day is ours ?

*Flowers :*

Oh, yes, we'll come, we'll all be there,  
We'll help to deck the May-Queen fair ;  
Our brightest blossoms we'll lay at her feet,  
And we'll fill the air with our fragrance sweet ;

We'll wreathe the May-pole with garlands, gay,  
And thus we'll help keep merry May-Day.

*Queen :*

I trust each flower will do its duty,  
And each have a place in the garland of beauty.  
But, hist ! Some one comes ! What is it I hear ?  
Something tells me that mortals are near ;  
Whence they come, who they are, I have no means of  
knowing ;

But I see it grows late, and 'tis time we were going ;  
No mortal should look on a fairy, to-day ;  
So, fairies and flowers, we'll vanish away.

*(Curtain shuts them from sight.)*

*(Voices outside.)*

Minnie, Mabel ! Where are you straying ?

Little laggards ! you've missed the maying !

*(Enter two girls.)*

Oh, here they are, asleep on the green, .

Wake up, little lassies, and welcome the Queen.

*Minnie and Mabel. (starting up).*

Who ? What ? Where are they ?

*Girls.*—Here we are, sleepy heads. Come, wake up,  
the " Queen o' the May " is coming.

*Minnie.*—Oh, you've frightened them away.

*1st girl.*—What is the child talking about ?

*Mabel.*—Yes, they've gone. Why did you come so soon ?

*2d girl.*—Look at our lovely flowers ! We didn't expect to get so many, but we found the fields bright with them.

*Minnie.*—I know it. She told them to be ready.

*Girls.*—Who told them ?

*Minnie and Mabel.*—The Queen of the Fairies.

*(Girls laugh.)*

*Minnie and Mabel.*—You needn't laugh, we've really seen her and heard her call the flowers. We put fern-seed in our shoes, and then——

*Girls.*—And then, you went to sleep, and dreamed it all.

*Minnie and Mabel.*—We truly saw them and we heard them, too.

*1st girl.*—You shall tell us all about it sometime, but not now, for here comes the May Queen. Enter Queen, followed by boys and girls singing.

Tune: "Red, White, and Blue."

O May Queen! O May Queen! you're coming,  
Right gladly we greet you to-day;  
The birds sing and bees now are humming  
To welcome you, Queen of the May.  
Thy subjects, we bow now before you,  
With flowers we'll deck your bright hair;  
The garlands we weave we'll fling o'er you,  
And welcome you, May-Day so fair.

*(Repeat last line.)*

*Girl.*—We welcome and crown thee now, O Queen of the May! Though thy reign is brief, may it be a happy one. And we vow—

*All.*—Yes, we vow,  
One and all, before thee now,  
Honest, loyal, true, we'll be,  
Ever faithful unto thee.  
At thy feet, behold us now,  
See us bend a lowly knee,  
Hear us vow—

*Queen.*—No more, my subjects; I accept thy fealty.

*(Enter boy with a basket of flowers. He kneels and offers the flowers to the Queen.)*

Dame Nature's love to the Queen, to-day,  
And she trusts they shall both be friends for aye.

*Queen:*

Thanks, for the flowers Dame Nature sends,  
May she and the May Queen ever be friends.

*(Enter bees.)*

*Queen:*

Buzzing and buzzing in black and in gold,  
Buzzing and buzzing! Dear me! how they scold!  
Now pray who are these?

*Bees.*—Why, we are the bees.

*Queen.*—So you are the bees. What work do you do?

*Bees.*—O Queen ! we gather sweet honey for you.

*Queen :*

Dear little workers, so busy, alway,  
You are welcome here to the Queen o' the May,  
Flitting and flying, now here and now there,  
Like little gold leaves in the sunshiny air.  
What are these, dancing before my eyes ?

*Butterflies.*—We, O Queen ! are the butterflies.

*Queen.*—And good for nothing ! ah, me ! what a pity !

*Butterflies.*—Why, yes, O Queen ! we were made to look pretty.

*Queen :*

Ah, well ! in spite of its abuse,  
Beauty I see may have its use,  
So, pretty butterflies, bright and gay,  
The May Queen welcomes you here to-day.

*First girl :*

What queer little figures in gold and green,  
Now kneel at the feet of our gracious Queen ?

*Spirit :*

The Spirit of May-Days, long since o'er,  
I come to look at your sports once more.

*Queen :*

Oh, Spirit of Mays that have long since fled,  
Kneel not, but stand by my side instead.

*Spirit :*

And so you are Queen o' the May, my dear,  
The best and the fairest month i' the year.  
Have you heard the story that's sometimes told  
Of that wonderful city whose streets are gold ?  
All those who enter therein, they say,  
Shall dwell in a season of endless May.  
'Tis for this that our May, to mortals given,  
Of you was oft called the "month of Heaven."

*Queen :*

A better and fairer month, I ween,  
Never welcomed a happy Queen.



*All:*

Now form a ring,  
We'll dance and sing  
Around the Queen to-day ;  
Our gowns and head  
Are all bespread  
With posies bright and gay.

*(They form a ring and dance around the Queen, singing to any lively tune :)*

Hey for the May Queen,  
The merry May Queen,  
Hey for the Queen o' the May.  
Loud let us sing,  
And dance in a ring,  
As we welcome her here to-day.

*Queen :*

Thanks for the pretty song you sing,  
And the welcome you give to me,  
May this May-Day bright, to long, long life,  
But a happy prelude be.  
Now dance round the May-pole with me to-day  
And thus you will honor the merry May-Day.

*Minnie.*—Are we going to dance now? How I wish the fairies could see us!

*Queen.*—Silly child! there are no fairies!

*Minnie.*—Oh, there must be, for I saw them this morning.

*Mabel.*—So did I. Oh! how pretty they looked!

*Both.*—We saw the Fairy Queen make the flowers.

*Queen.*—What do these children mean?

*Girl.*—An' it please your gracious majesty, they fell asleep while we were a-maying, and I suppose they dreamed of fairies.

*Spirit :*

Nay, chide no more, it was not a dream,  
And things to the children are just as they seem,  
They both have fern-seed in each shoe,  
And they see strange things that are not for you.

*Turns to the children :*

The fairies, dear, may not come to you ;  
No mortal again their charms shall view ;



And never more shall the fern-seed spell  
To you the fairies' secrets tell.

*Children begin to cry :*

Nay, dry your tears, let them drop no more ;  
Come, sing like the birds to-day ;  
Forget your sadness, for life is gladness,  
Now dance, and be merry and gay.

*Queen :*

Come, take your places, line within line ;  
Let me see how the May-pole you'll entwine.  
Now one by one, go out and in,  
Each hold a ribbon and we'll begin.  
Here's a ribbon, pink as the May-flower, true,  
And this is blue as the sky's own hue.

*(They all join hands and braid the May-pole, singing to the tune of "Lightly Row.")*

May is here ! May is here !  
Dance we now without a fear.  
Here we go ! Here we go !  
Feet as light as new.  
Round and round, now in and out,  
Dancing, dancing all about,  
Oh what fun ! Oh what fun !  
May has just begun.

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## Gathering Flowers.

BY JENNIE D. MOORE.

(For four intermediate pupils.)

**All :** 'Tis the time of merry sunshine,  
The time of fruit and flowers ;  
We girls have all been straying  
In nature's fairy bowers,  
Where birds went singing by us,  
The brook, too, sang its song,  
And bees were gayly buzzing,  
As they floated slow along.

*First* : I plucked a little daisy,  
           Starry, pure, as white as snow,  
 With heart of gold, I found it,  
           In the fragrant mead below.

*Second* : These buttercups so yellow,  
           Glowing golden in the sun,  
 I found close by the daisies,  
           And I plucked them every one.

*Third* : The wild pink rose straying  
           Beside the high stone wall,  
 Caught my fancy and I gathered  
           These fairest flowers of all.

*Fourth* : No flower can be fairer,  
           To me none sweeter seem,  
 Than the lily, graceful, bending,  
           Near by the running stream.

*All* : Out where the sunlight glances,  
       Over meadows, daisy-strewn ;  
 Down where the brooklet dances,  
       And sings us a merry tune,  
 We love to roam, to linger  
       In the meadows, by the stream,  
 And gather flowers, while summer hours  
       Pass o'er us like a dream.

---

## Robin's Come.

(Let the refrain be spoken in concert.)

*First Pupil* :

From the elm-tree's topmost bough,  
       Hark ! the robin's early song !  
 Telling one and all that now  
       Merry springtime hastes along ;  
 Welcome tidings dost thou bring,  
 Little harbinger of spring :

Robin's come.

*Second Pupil :*

Of the winter we are weary,  
 Weary of the frost and snow ;  
 Longing for the sunshine cheery,  
 And the brooklet's gurgling flow ;  
 Gladly then we hear thee sing  
 The joyful reveille of spring :  
Robin's come.

*Third Pupil :*

Ring it out o'er hill and plain,  
 Through the garden's lonely bowers,  
 Till the green leaves dance again,  
 Till the air is sweet with flowers !  
 Wake the cowslips by the rill,  
 Wake the yellow daffodil :  
Robin's come.

*Fourth Pupil :*

Then, as thou wert wont of yore,  
 Build the nest and rear the young  
 Close beside our cottage door,  
 In the woodbine leaves among ;  
 Hurt or harm thou need'st not fear,  
 Nothing rude shall venture near :  
Robin's come.

*Fifth Pupil :*

Singing still in yonder lane,  
 Robin answers merrily ;  
 Ravished by the sweet refrain,  
 Alice clasps her hands in glee,  
 Calling from the open door,  
 With her soft voice o'er and o'er :  
Robin's come.

---

## The Return of the Wanderers.

BY WOLSTAN DIXEY.

(Mother Earth is discovered sitting in a rocking-chair, bellows in hand. Her dress is green, but she is covered up with white furs or white cotton. She rocks back and forth. Knocking heard without. Puts down Bellows.)

*Mother Earth.*—Somebody knocked. There must be a visitor. Come in ! (*Mr. Spring enters in light*

*brown suit, light felt hat, sprig of green in his hat.)* Why Mr. Spring, how do you do? I am just delighted to see you. Dear me! It has been so lonesome since all the girls and boys went away. It seems such a long time ago; nearly a year. I have been here alone, poking the fire most of the time, trying to keep warm.

*Mr. Spring.*—The fire has gone out now I see. Just as well—warm weather coming; you need a new dress. How do you like this for a pattern? (*Takes light green pattern from satchel and holds it up.*) I know it would suit you.

*Mrs. E.*—O now, Mr. Spring! you are so kind; but you are a flatterer. You know I am too old to wear such bright colors?

*Mr. S.*—Not in the least, ma'am; you look just as young as you did twenty years ago.

*Mrs. E.*—All my boys and girls would laugh at me if they were only here; but they are all gone. Will they ever come back? (*Loud knocking.*)

*Mr. S.*—That must be my boy. I brought my boy and my two daughters along with me. (*March—a boy—runs across the stage trying to fly his kite. Dressed in knickerbockers and fur cap.*)

*March.*—Whoop-la! (*Picks up the bellows and blows papers from table. Follows Mrs. E. about, blowing cotton off her head.*)

*Mrs. E.*—O, how awfully rough!

*Mr. S.*—(*Calling.*) March.

*M.*—(*Coming to him.*) What, sir?

*Mr. S.*—March! (*Points to the door.*)

*M.*—Yes, sir. (*Goes out like a lamb.*)

*Mrs. E.*—His father can make him mind; that is one good thing. I hope the girls have better manners. (*Enter April—a girl—with rubber “gossamer” hood over her head and dripping umbrella; watering pot on her arm. Shakes umbrella and cloak so the water flies over everything.*)

*Mrs. E.*—Gracious! She is as bad as her brother.

*Mr. S.*—April, please be a little more—a little



more—Well, well; it's her nature, ma'am; you mustn't mind her.

*Mrs. E.*—You have another daughter, I believe?

*Mr. S.*—Yes. April, where is your sister?

*April.*—O, May is waiting for her trunk to come up from the depot. (*Enter March, tumbling trunk in, with a great racket. He puts it up against the back of the scene and stands on one side of it; April on the other. Enter May dressed in bright green.*)

*Mr. S.*—Come here, child. Mother Earth, this is my daughter May. I hope you will become better acquainted.

*Mrs. E.*—I am so pleased to meet you. You look so much like my own daughter May who went away last year with all her little nieces and nephews—they were my grandchildren.

*May.*—You look so young to be a grandmother?

*Mrs. E.*—Just what your father said. I believe flattery runs in the family.

*Mr. S.*—No, no. May is not a flatterer. Her nature is rather—rather—Well, I'll tell you, the poets describe her nature exactly when they say—Let me see—can you repeat it, my dear? what they say about you?

*May.*—I don't remember; they say all sorts of things.

*Mr. S.*—They all write verses to her, ma'am; but she's naturally modest and don't like to repeat it. One poet calls her, "Half teasing, half tender: Spring's last-born darling, clear-eyed, sweet;" that is not counting the twins, here.

(*April sprinkles the trunk from the watering-pot.*)

*May.*—O, sister, what are you doing? You will just ruin my best Saratoga trunk. Pa! see what April is doing! (*March gets on the trunk and dances; then throws up a handful of beans that come down on the stage.*) And O, my sakes! Pa! Pa! Do stop them! They'll ruin everything I own! (*They stop.*)

*Mr. S.*—Don't be alarmed, ma'am, that is the way the three of them get a' quarrelling sometimes. You know the poet says:



Ah, March, we know thou art kind hearted, spite of ugly looks and threats.

*M.*—That is all very true, but I don't want everything in my trunk spoiled.

*Mrs. E.*—Of course not. May I ask what you have in your trunk?

*M.*—It's a secret, but I don't mind telling you. It is a surprise for you.

*Mrs. E.*—For me!

*M.*—Yes, you were just telling about your lost grandchildren—

*Mrs. E.*—But you haven't seen anything of them, have you?

*M.*—Perhaps I have.

*Mr. S.*—Perhaps she has.

*Mrs. E.*—O, where are they? You didn't bring them back, did you?

*M.*—Perhaps I did.

*Mr. S.*—Perhaps she did.

*March and April.*—Perhaps she did!

*Mrs. E.*—O, do let me see them!

*Mr. S.*—But don't you think you ought to take off more of that white stuff. It is rather a cold looking sort of welcome for your grandchildren; if they should come back, you know. I don't say they will; but if they should, you know.

*M.*—Yes, if they should, you know.

*March and April.*—(*On the trunk.*) Yes. If they should, you know.

*Mrs. E.*—Well, well; anything to please. (*Takes off white wraps and appears in green dress.*) Now, what is the surprise?

*M.*—(*Going to trunk.*) Please get down. Why do you act so? (*March and April get down.*)

*March.*—You think we're of no use in the house; but we do some good; don't we, April?

*April.*—I should say we did. As the poet says:

March with grief doth howl and rave,  
And April weeps—but, O ye hours  
Follow with May's fairest flowers.

(*May opens trunk, showing a frame covered with white paper, with cotton scattered over it. All stand aside and May says :*)

Sweet crocuses, why are ye late ?  
Say, know ye not that spring is here ?

(*Two little boys burst up through the white paper and stand in the trunk.*)

Mr. S.—March, you might best go out in the back yard and play.

(*Exit March. The little boys dressed in yellow, jump out of the trunk and come to front of stage with May.*)

1st Crocus.—O, Aunt May, we thought you would never open that trunk !

2d C.—You promised, you know, to take us back to Grandma and—

1st C.—O, there she is ! (*Both rush to Mother Earth, who has been looking at them.*)

Mrs. E.—My own little darlings. What a long, long time you have been away ! But you are the first to come back again. (*April walks by the trunk, sprinkling water in it as she passes.*)

May.—April, do take care !

April.—O, you're so cranky, I just think it's a shame ! (*Begins to cry.*) I (*sob*) can't do a thing (*sob*) but you just tell me (*sob*) to take care. (*Cries hard and exit.*)

Mr. S.—There, there ; you've driven your sister out crying. Remember, they cannot all be as gentle as you.

May.—But she has poured all that water in my trunk and I am afraid she has spoiled everything.

Violet and Pussy Willow.—(*Jumping up in the trunk.*) O, no ! We like it ! (*Violet is dressed in that color ; Pussy is in light green with gray furs, and carries a gray kitten in her arms.*)

Mrs. E.—Why, children, where have you come from ?

Violet.—Is that you, Grandma ?

*Pussy.*—Yes it is. And *aren't* you glad to see us, Granny? (*They get out of trunk and run to Mrs. E.*)

*Mrs. E.*—Violet, where have you been?

*V.*—Down in a little shady dell.

*P.*—I've been in cat-town buying gray kittens, *see*!  
(*Holds up kitten.*)

*May.*—But you must take off those furs now.  
(*Takes them off.*)

*Mrs. E.*—How delightful to have you back again. We all seem like one family, don't we, Mr. Spring?

*Mr. S.*—Yes, and why not make it one family?

*May.*—Yes, Mrs. Earth, why not make it one family?

*C., V., and P.*—Yes, Granny, why not make it one family?

*Mar. and A.*—(*In the doorway.*) O, yes! Why not make it one family?

*Mrs. E.*—O, how you all talk. I don't know what you mean, Mr. Spring.

*Mr. S.*—You know I always had a fondness for you, Mrs. Earth, and I shall keep on coming until you say yes.

*May.*—So shall I.

*C., V., and P.*—So will we, Granny.

*Mar. and A.*—(*From top of trunk.*) So will we, Granny.

*Mrs. E.*—I suppose I shall have to say yes.  
(*Takes Mr. Spring's arm.*) Haven't you a third daughter?

*Mr. S.*—June, I forgot her.

*Mar.*—She is just outside.

*A.*—But she won't come in till after the wedding.

*Mrs. E.*—Come, children. (*All gather around her.*)  
Now we are all one united family. Don't call me Granny any more, but simply Mother Earth.

*Mr. S.*—(*To audience.*) May all our kind friends here learn from us the lesson of renewing their youth as we do.

(Curtain.)

## PART IV.

# Memorial Day.

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### The Nation's Dead.

(The refrain "For me and you" must be spoken slowly and impressively.)

Four hundred thousand men—

The brave—the good—the true,  
In tangled wood, in mountain glen,  
On battle plain, in prison pen,

Lie dead for me and you !

Four hundred thousand of the brave,  
Have made our ransomed soil their grave,  
For me and you !

Good friend, for me and you !

In many a fevered swamp,

By many a black bayou,  
In many a cold and frozen camp,  
The weary sentinel ceased his tramp,  
And died for me and you !

From Western plain to ocean-tide  
Are stretched the graves of those who died  
For me and you !

Good friend, for me and you !

On many a bloody plain

Their ready swords they drew,  
And poured their life-blood, like the rain,  
A home,—a heritage to gain,

To gain for me and you !  
Our brothers mustered by our side ;  
They marched, they fought, and bravely died  
For me and you !  
Good friend, for me and you !

Up many a fortress-wall  
They charged—those boys in blue—  
Mid surging smoke and volleying ball ;  
The bravest were the first to fall !  
To fall for me and you !  
These noble men—the nation's pride—  
Four hundred thousand men have died  
For me and you !  
Good friend, for me and you !

In treason's prison-hold  
Their martyr spirits grew  
To statues like the saints of old,  
While amid agonies untold  
They starved for me and you !  
The good, the patient, and the tried,—  
Four hundred thousand men have died  
For me and you !  
Good friend, for me and you !

A debt we ne'er can pay  
To them is justly due,  
And to the nation's latest day  
Our children's children still shall say,  
They died for me and you ! ”  
Four hundred thousand of the brave  
Made this, our ransomed soil, their grave  
For me and you !  
Good friend, for me and you.

---

## Wake Them in Peace To-day.

(Recitation for the grammar grade.)

Sound, bugles ! sound again !  
Rouse them to life again,  
Awake them all !



Here, where the Blue and Gray  
 Struggled in fierce array,  
 Wake them in peace to-day,  
 God bless them all !

Sound, bugles ! sound again !  
 Sound o'er these hills again,  
 Where gather all ;—  
 Those who are left to-day,  
 Left of the battle's fray,  
 Left of the Blue and Gray,  
 God bless them all !

Sound, bugles ! sound again !  
 Bid all unite again,  
 Like brothers all,  
 Here clasping hands, to-day,  
 With love for Blue and Gray,  
 Dead is all hate to-day ;  
 God bless them all !

Sound, bugles ! sound again :  
 Gladly, oh, sound again  
 And welcome all ;  
 No matter how they fought,  
 God us the lesson taught,  
 He guided what they wrought.  
 God bless them all !

—*Wellesley Bradshaw.*

## In One Grave.

BY CLARA E. COOPER.

(Recitation for the grammar department.)

On the opposite banks of the river, camped  
 Two armies at close of day,  
 And waited the coming of morning's light  
 Ere they should begin to fray ;  
 And down by the camp-fire's flickering light,  
 Two soldiers sat thinking of home ;  
 Of the mother and sister, and sweetheart dear,  
 Who were waiting for them to come :

And tears filled the eyes of both the men,  
Tho' each was a soldier true,  
And one of them wore a coat of gray,  
And the other a coat of blue.

At the dawn of the morning the fight began,  
And lasted till fall of night,  
Then again on the opposite river banks  
Shone the camp-fire's flickering light,  
But out on the field where the conflict raged,  
On the rise of a little hill,  
Lay the two who had sat there and thought of home,  
Each brave heart forever still ;  
Side by side they were lying there,  
'Neath the softly falling dew ;  
And one of them wore a coat of gray  
And the other a coat of blue.

Their comrades lifted each silent form,  
And crossed the hands on the breast,  
Then side by side in the self-same grave,  
They were laid to their last long rest.  
And tho' mother or sweetheart may never find  
The spot where each body lies,  
God knoweth each unknown soldier's grave,  
That is under the southern skies ;  
And over each humble mound alike  
His beautiful wild flowers grew,  
Never heeding that one wore a coat of gray  
And the other a coat of blue.

---

## Roll-Call.

(Recitation for a high-school pupil.)

"Corporal Green !" the orderly cried ;  
"Here !" was the answer, loud and clear,  
From the lips of the soldier who stood near ;  
And "Here" was the word the next replied.

"Cyrus Drew !"—then a silence fell—  
This time no answer followed the call ;  
Only his rear man had seen him fall,  
Killed or wounded ; he could not tell.

There they stood in the falling light,  
These men of battle with grave, dark looks,  
As plain to be read as open books,  
While slowly gathered the shades of night.

The fern on the hillsides was splashed with blood,  
And down in the corn where the poppies grew  
Were redder stains than the poppies knew,  
And crimson dyed was the river's flood.

For the foe had crossed from the other side  
That day, in the face of a murderous fire,  
That swept them down in its terrible ire,  
And their life-blood went to color the tide.

"Herbert Kline!" At the call there came  
Two stalwart soldiers into the line,  
Bearing between them this Herbert Kline,  
Wounded and bleeding, to answer his name.

"Ezra Kerr!"—and a voice answered, "Here!"  
"Hiram Kerr!"—but no man replied.  
They were brothers, these two; the sad wind sighed  
And a shudder crept through the cornfield near.

"Ephraim Deane!"—then a soldier spoke,  
"Deane carried our regiment's colors," he said;  
"Where our ensign was shot, I left him dead,  
Just after the enemy wavered and broke.

"Close to the roadside his body lies;  
I paused a moment and gave him drink;  
He murmured his mother's name, I think,  
And death came with it and closed his eyes."

'Twas a victory, yes, but it cost us dear—  
For that company's roll, when called at night,  
Of a hundred men who went into the fight,  
Numbered but twenty that answered "Here!"

—*N. G. Shepard.*

## Scatter the Blooms.

BY JENNIE D. MOORE.

(Recitation for the intermediate grade.)

Scatter the blooms  
Over the tombs,  
The tombs of one and all  
Of the soldiers brave,  
Who died to save  
Our land from error's thrall.  
The green mounds cover,  
The strife is over,  
The feverish worry and fret.  
Yet the lives then given,  
The fond hearts riven,  
A nation shall never forget.  
Scatter the blooms,  
Over the tombs  
Of our country's soldier dead ;  
Who fighting, fell  
Midst hot and shell,  
In the conflict dire and dread.  
Our heroes they,  
Their let us pay  
Their memories tribute meet.  
And on each mound,—  
'Tis hallowed ground,—  
Place clustered blossoms sweet  
Scatter the blooms  
Over the tombs,—  
Pale lilies and roses red.  
And mark each spot  
Where, unforgot,  
Slumber the honored dead.

---

## Driving Home the Cows.

(Recitation for the grammar grade.)

Out of the clover and blue-eyed grass  
He turned them into the river-lane ;  
One after another he let them pass,  
And fastened the meadow bars again.

Under the willows and over the hill  
He patiently followed their sober pace ;  
The merry whistle for once was still,  
And something shadowed his sunny face.

Only a boy ! and his father had said  
He never would let his youngest go ;  
Two already were lying dead  
Under the feet of the trampling foe.

But after the evening work was done,  
And the frogs were loud in the meadow-swamp  
Over his shoulder he slung his gun  
And stealthily followed the foot-path damp,

Across the clover and through the wheat,  
With resolute heart and purpose grim,  
Though cold was the dew to his hurrying feet,  
And the blind bat's flitting startled him.

Thrice since then had the lane been white,  
And the orchards sweet with apple-bloom ;  
And now, when the cows came back at night,  
The feeble father drove them home.

For news had come to the lonely farm  
That three were lying where two had lain ;  
And the old man's tremulous palsied arm  
Could never lean on a son's again.

The summer days grew cold and late,  
He went for the cows, when the work was done ;  
But down the lane, as he opened the gate,  
He saw them coming one by one,—

Brindle, Ebony, Speckle, and Bess,  
Shaking their horns in the evening wind ;  
Cropping the buttercups out of the grass—  
But who was it following close behind ?

Loosely swung in the idle air  
The empty sleeve of army blue ;  
And, worn and pale, from the crisping hair  
Looked out a face that the father knew.



For Southern prisons will sometimes yawn  
 And yield their dead unto life again ;  
 And the day that comes with a cloudy dawn  
 In golden glory at last may wane.

The great tears sprang to their meeting eyes ;  
 For the heart must speak when the lips are dumb,  
 And under the silent evening skies  
 Together they followed the cattle home.

---

## Decoration Day.

(Recitation for a pupil in the intermediate grade.)

To-day the earth is dressed in green,  
 And decked with sweetest flowers ;  
 And all the sky smiles overhead  
 To bless this land of ours.

No bloody fields portray to-day  
 The country's priceless cost,  
 Scarce lovelier could the world have looked  
 Ere Paradise was lost.

Above the fields of former strife  
 Now starts the waving grain,  
 And all is bloom and light and life  
 Where our heroes brave were slain.

Bring sweetest flowers to deck the graves  
 Where their noble forms are laid •  
 Bring amaranths and evergreens,  
 Not those that early fade.

Plant myrtle and forget-me-nots,  
 And roses white and red ;  
 Twine laurel wreaths about the stones  
 Where sleep our martyred dead.

And in the heart and on the lip  
 Let those who lie away,  
 Far off in swamps and in the sea,  
 Be crowned with living bay.

All this we do in memory  
 Above their sacred dust,  
 While they, 'mid flowers sweeter than ours,  
 Rejoice to-day, we trust.

May children's children evermore  
 In this same work delight,  
 And hold this day in sacredness  
 To freedom, truth, and right.

## Commemoration Ode.

(For a high-school pupil to recite.)

We sit here in the Promised Land  
 That flows with Freedom's honey and milk ;  
 But 'twas they won it, sword in hand,  
 Making the nettle danger soft for us as silk.  
 We welcome back our bravest and our best ;  
 Ah me ! not all ! some come not with the rest,  
 Who went forth brave and bright as any here !  
 I strive to mix some gladness with my strain,  
     But the sad strings complain,  
     And will not please the ear :  
 I sweep them for a pæan, but they wane  
     Again and yet again  
 Into a dirge, and die away, in pain.  
 In these brave ranks I only see the gaps,  
 Thinking of dear ones whom the dumb turf wraps,  
 Dark to the triumph which they died to gain :  
     Fitlier may others greet the living,  
     For me the past is unforgiving •  
     I with uncovered head  
     Salute the sacred dead  
 Who went, and who return not.—Say not so !  
 'Tis not the grapes of Canaan that repay,  
 But the high faith that failed not by the way ;  
 Virtue treads paths that end not in the grave ;  
 No bar of endless night exiles the brave ;  
     And to the saner mind  
 We rather seem the dead that stayed behind.  
 Blow, trumpets, all your exultations blow !  
 For never shall their aureoled presence lack •

I see them muster in a gleaming row,  
 With ever-youthful brows that nobler show.  
 We find in our dull road their shining track;  
     In every nobler mood  
 We feel the orient of their spirit glow,  
 Part of our life's unalterable good,  
 Of all our saintlier aspirations;  
     They come transfigured back,  
 Secure from change in their high-hearted ways,  
 Beautiful evermore, and with the rays  
 Of morn on their white Shields of Expectation!  
                     —James Russell Lowell.

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## Moving Tableaux for "Drafted."

(Arranged by the author of *Preston Papers*.)

What? *Drafted?* My Harry! Why man, 't is a boy at  
     his books.  
 No taller, I'm sure, than your Annie; as delicate, too, in  
     his looks.  
 Why. it seems but a day since he helped me, girl-like, in  
     my kitchen, at tasks.  
*He drafted!* Great *God!* Can it be that our President  
     knows what he asks?  
 He never could wrestle, this boy, though in spirit as  
     brave as the best.  
 Narrow-chested, a little, you notice; like him who has  
     long been at rest.  
 Too slender for over-much study; why, his teacher has  
     made him to-day  
 Go out with his ball, on the common; and *you've drafted*  
     a child at his play!  
 "Not a *patriot?*" Fie! Did I *whimper* when Robert  
     stood up with his gun  
 And the hero-blood chafed in his forehead, the evening  
     we heard of Bull Run?  
 Pointing his finger at Harry, but turning his face to the  
     wall,  
 "There's a staff growing up for your age, mother," said  
     Robert, "if I am to fall."

"*Eighteen?*" Oh, I know; and yet narrowly. Just a  
wee babe on the day  
When his father got up from his sick bed, and cast his  
last ballot for Clay.  
Proud of his boy and his ticket, said he, "A new morse  
of fame  
We'll lay on the candidate's altar;" and christened the  
child with that name.

O, what *have* I done, a weak woman? In what have I  
meddled with harm  
(Troubling God only for sunshine and rain, on my rough  
little farm)  
That my ploughshares are beaten to *swords*, and sharp-  
ened before my eyes—  
That *my tears* must cleanse a foul nation, *my lamb* be a  
sacrifice?

Oh, I know there's a country to save, man; and 'tis true  
there is no appeal.  
But *did* God see my boy's name, lying the uppermost one  
in the wheel?

*Five* stalwart sons has my neighbor, and never the lot  
upon one!  
Are these things Fortune's caprices or *is* it God's will  
that is done?

Are the others *too precious* for resting when Robert is  
taking his rest  
With the pictured face of young Annie lying over the  
rent in his breast?  
*Too tender* for parting with sweethearts? *Too fair* to be  
crippled or scarred?  
My *boy!* Thank God for these tears—I was growing so  
bitter and hard!

Now read me a page from the Book, Harry, that goes in  
your knapsack to-night  
Of the Eye that sees when the sparrow grows weary and  
falters in flight.  
Talk of something that's nobler than living; of a Love  
that is higher than mine;  
And a Faith that has planted its banners where the  
heavenly camp-fires shine.



Talk of Something that tenderly watches, while the  
 shadows glide down in the yard,  
 That shall go with my soldier to battle—and stand, with  
 my picket on guard.  
 Spirits of loving and lost ones ! Watch softly o'er Harry  
 to-night—  
 For to-morrow he goes forth to battle ! Arm him for  
 Freedom and Right.

(The effectiveness of the above poem will depend mainly upon the reading. The words are a constant outburst of emotions that find relief only in vocal expression—and unless the reader can fully enter into sympathy with the various feelings displayed by the widowed mother when she learns that her only remaining son is drafted, its rare qualities will be lost on the audience. The tableaux are but a mere accompaniment.)

### SUGGESTIONS.

*First Stanza.* Scene. Ordinary sitting-room ; lady in widow's weeds, knitting near table—having books, papers and work on it—in centre of foreground. She rises to greet army officer in uniform, who enters at left, carrying hat in left hand, and in his right, official paper which he passes to the lady, who reads and turns to him as the reader (who is concealed) pronounces the first words. Her face expresses surprise and incredulity during first half of first line ; then expostulation and entreaty. At the words "Great God," she drops back into her chair, overwhelmed by the thought.

*Second Stanza.* Without rising, she again turns to the officer, and argues the case with special resistance on the last half of the last line.

*Third Stanza.* She is roused to dispute the officer's charge that she is not a patriot, and there is defiance in her attitude as she calls up the memory of Robert's enlisting.

*Fourth Stanza.* Her manner changes as her recollection goes back to Harry's babyhood, and she grows tender in the thoughts of her dead husband.

*Fifth Stanza.* Reflecting on what seems great injustice, her head bowed on her hand.

*Sixth Stanza.* She turns her face to the officer again, to answer his arguments, her face first expressing the helplessness she feels, then doubt.

*Seventh Stanza.* Still addressing the officer she becomes hard in her despair. At the words "My boy" she



turns from the officer, holds out both arms to Harry, who has just entered from rear and advances to meet his mother, who embraces him, weeping. Officer retires slowly and quietly, from rear, wiping his eyes. Harry brings a low stool and sits upon it, his elbow on his mother's chair—she caressing him.

*Eighth Stanza.* Harry takes big Bible from table and turns leaves slowly, until he finds what he wants. Mother leans back in chair, with closed eyes, one hand on Harry; countenance calm, expressing resignation.

*Ninth Stanza.* Harry kneels near mother, who, in last two lines, with clasped hands and uplifted face, makes her petition. Curtain falls on this tableau, after the last word of the poem.

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## Memorial Day.

BY LIZZIE M. HADLEY.

CHARACTERS :— { Time, May, Bees, South Wind.  
Columbia, Flowers, Butterflies,

Costumes should be in appropriate colors. Tissue-paper and cheese-cloth are good materials. The butterflies should have wings and Time should have his scythe. Each flower should wear, as a front piece to a tissue-paper cap of its own color, the initial letter of its name. If possible, each should carry a cluster of blossoms of its own kind, real or artificial.

*Time.*—What a loiterer May is ! She is never ready to leave.

Come, fair May, no longer linger,  
Loath to say "Good-bye,"  
For the spring-time flowers whisper  
June is drawing nigh.

*Columbia.*—Nay, old Time, she cannot hasten,  
Still there's work for May,  
She must keep, with buds and blossoms,  
My Memorial Day.

*Time.*—Memorial Day ? Pray tell me what is that ?

*Columbia.*—It comes every year ;  
Father Time, 'tis the day  
When the nation doth honor  
The Blue and the Gray,

When the bugle's shrill wail  
 And the drums' muffled beat  
 Time the slow, measured footsteps  
 That march through the street  
 To the low, grassy tents  
 Where the soldier reposes ;  
 There, over his bed,  
 They scatter their roses.

*Time.*—Ah me ! I greatly fear this keeps in mind a sorrowful time that is best forgotten.

*Columbia.*—Not so, old Time; it serves to soften the bitterness and hostility of a cruel war, and whispers of peace and forgiveness.

*All.*—"No more shall the war-cry sever,  
 Nor the winding rivers be red,  
 They banish our anger forever  
 When they laurel the graves of our dead."  
 —*Finch.*

*Time.*—I trust it may be so, my friend, but tell me, who first proposed such a day?

*Columbia.*—That no one really knows. It has been credited to several sources. But, whatever its origin, since that first Memorial Day in 1868, it has been pretty generally observed throughout the country. Confederate Memorial Day in Georgia, Alabama, and Tennessee is April 26.

*All.*—"God send us peace !  
 And where, for aye, the loved and lost recline  
 Let fall, O South ! your leaves of palm,  
 O North ! your sprigs of pine."

*Time.*—Your words are pleasant ones, my friend, yet I see not what May hath to do with your celebration, nor why she should linger here.

*Columbia.*—O, know you not, 'tis she who brings the flowers for our dead heroes' graves? Art ready with them now. fair May?

*May* —Still they're waiting, sleeping, sleeping  
 In the green earth's breast,  
 Come, my flowers, hasten hither,  
 In your fairest colors dressed.

Little bees around me buzzing,  
Seek the clovers red,  
Bid them bring their sweetest blossoms  
For the nation's dead.—(*Exit Bees.*)

Butterflies, all fieldward flitting  
Through the balmy air,  
For Memorial Day send hither  
All the flowers fair.—(*Exit Butterflies.*)

Warm south winds so gently blowing  
Take a message, too.  
Bid the buds and blossoms waken,  
They have work to do.—(*Exit South Wind.*)

*All.*—Hist! a murmur, growing louder  
Is it bees a-humming?  
No, from woodland, field, and meadow  
All the flowers are coming.

*May.*—Yes, a myriad now are starting  
From their leafy bowers,  
At my door they're knocking, knocking.  
(*Enter Flowers.*)  
Welcome, pretty flowers.

*Flowers.*—At your call we come, O May,  
To keep with you Memorial Day.  
See! our hands are brimming over.  
Apple blooms and honeyed clover,  
Wind flowers, growing 'side the rills,  
Violets and daffodils,  
All have wakened now from sleep  
Your Memorial Day to keep.

*May.*—Welcome, fair flowers, hast thou come to honor  
both the Blue and the Gray?

*All.*—"One holier sun awakes at last,  
For North and South the blithe, bright hours,  
No more upon our dead are cast  
The once divided gifts of flowers;  
But where the live oak hides in moss,  
And where the plummy larches toss

Their arms above the Mayflower's bed,  
 And where wide waves of prairie crawl  
 To meet far-west, their mountain wall,  
 The People's voice says : ' Peace to all !'  
 We honor equal dead." — *Bayard Taylor.*

*Myrtle.*—I bring the myrtle for their graves,  
 In the language of flowers it says,  
 " Thine is the beauty of holiness."

*All.*—" As Christ died to make men holy,  
 So these died to make men free."  
 — *Julia Ward Howe.*

*Myrtle.*—Gently, now, o'er Blue and Gray,  
 I'll my wreath of *myrtle* lay.

*Everlasting.*—I bring the white and golden flowers of  
 the everlasting. They say, " I am always faithful."

*All.*—" He who dared the danger,  
 Who battled well and true,  
 To honor was no stranger,  
 Though garbed in gray or blue."

*Everlasting.*—Honor now to the true and brave,  
 With *everlasting* I'll deck each grave.

*Marsh-Marigold.*—I bring you the golden blossoms of  
 the marsh-marigold.

*All.*—" O brave marsh-maribuds rich and yellow."  
 — *J. Ingelow.*

*Marsh-Marigold.*—Their meaning is pensiveness.  
 Rest and peace for the soldier bold,  
 I'll cover his grave with marsh-marigold.

*Oak.*—I bring a wreath of oak-leaves. In flower lan-  
 guage they say, " Thou art honored above all."

*All.*—" Their lives shall know no stain, no shaded  
 splendor,  
 Their fame is safe and sealed,  
 They, offering earth, the most that life can render  
 Sunk on the red-cross shield."  
 — *H. Butterworth.*



*Oak.*—O'er our noblest and our best,  
Oaken leaves shall lightly rest.

*Rose.*—I bring you the rose, its language is "love."

*All.*—"I do love  
My country's good with a respect more tender,  
More holy and profound than mine own life."  
—*Shakespeare.*

*Rose.*—A tribute to our patriot dead,  
I'll scatter roses, white and red.

*Iris.*—I bring you the iris blossoms. In flower language they say, "I bring a message."

O blossoms, in your gold and blue,  
Bear messages to the dead soldiers, true.

*Arethusa.*—I bring the shy arethusa. Its blossoms say,  
"I could weep for thee."

*All.*—"Some asleep beneath the willows,  
Some asleep where valor slew them,  
Soft from lips that kissed their pillows,  
Soft from eyes that never knew them,  
Drop the benisons that greet  
Fallen braves."

*Arethusa.*—See! to deck the graves of comrades,  
I have brought with loving care,  
From their homes within the marshes.  
Arethusas, sweet and fair.

*Lilac.*—I bring the lilac for my offering. Its meaning is, "The joy of youth."

*All.*—"We honor the heroes of war,  
Who stood in the thick of the fight,  
We honor the wearers of blue,  
Who fought for freedom and right,  
For us and our children's children.  
They died *in their manhood's prime*,  
And we'll ever keep their record  
Unsullied by lapse of time."

*Lilac.*—The soldiers sleep in their silent tombs,  
I'll scatter above them the lilac blooms



*Daffodil.*—I bring the golden daffodil. It whispers of regard.

*All.*—"O, pile the forest sod with flowers,  
And load the air with odors pure,  
And in the garden of our hearts  
Their fame forever shall endure."

*Daffodil.*—Heap them high, o'er the men asleep  
Let golden daffodils vigils keep.

*Amaranth.*—I bring the fadeless amaranth. Its message is "Immortality."

*All.*—"Immortal amaranth, a flower which once  
In Paradise, fast by the tree of life,  
Began to bloom."  
—*Milton.*

*Amaranth.*—Sleep sweetly, now, O soldier, brave,  
The amaranth shall deck thy grave.

*Yew.*—I bring the yew. Its meaning is "Sorrow."  
Sadly I bend o'er the Gray and the Blue,  
And cover their graves with the desolute yew.

*All.*—Thus, with hand clasped hand let us stand alway  
That our blossoms may spell Memorial Day,  
While we look to the future with hope and love,  
And leave our soldiers to One above,  
Sure that the hand which guideth all  
Shall keep them safe till the last roll-call,  
And the land that their courage helped to save,  
For which their life-blood they freely gave,  
Shall keep in remembrance the blue and gray  
And each year honor Memorial Day.

Chorus to the Tune :—" Maryland, My Maryland."

What day itself to us endears ?  
Memorial Day ! Memorial Day !  
What day is this which now appears ?  
Memorial Day ! Memorial Day !  
We look across the gulf of years,  
And through a mist of falling tears  
A country stained with blood appears,  
Memorial Day ! Memorial Day !

But, God be praised, that time is o'er—  
 Memorial Day ! Memorial Day !  
 Now war's red beacons flame no more—  
 Memorial Day ! Memorial Day !  
 All those who toil and danger bore,  
 And blue and gray so bravely wore,  
 May now the God of peace adore,  
 Memorial Day ! Memorial Day !

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## In Memoriam.

BY OLIVE M. LONG.

(The room may be decorated with flags, and wreaths of flowers and leaves. Ferns, brakes, and evergreen may also be employed. It would be pretty and unusual to have displayed the different flags of the United States (such as the Union Jack, the Revenue Ensign, and the President's flag), so that our flag may be seen in its various phases. They may easily be made of cambric (from the pictures at the back of the dictionary), and folds of blue and gray may be draped among them to suggest the union of the North and the South.)

### PART I.

(The curtain rises on the stage, either decorated with garlands and draperies, or, if convenient, arranged as an out-door scene. There should be near the front (L. C.) an elevation, which may be either a hillock, or draped with a flag. America, in the traditional costume of red, white, and blue, with a crown of stars on her flowing hair, is alone in the centre of the stage, resting upon a furled flag, which should be at least as tall as herself.)

*America.*—Behind me the past; before me the future! It is well for a great nation to pause in the middle of a century and strive to pierce the gloom of years in both directions, to cast a last glance at the lesson of the years that have gone, before attempting to read the untried pages of the future.

I can turn with confidence to the Past (*extends welcoming hand to the Past, who enters (L.), represented by a soldier in colonial dress, carrying a scroll*), well-remembered even through its seven seals, but look more timidly forward to the closer sealed mystery of the Future. (*Enter from R. the Future,—a girl in clinging robes of pale gray, with long veil sweeping over face and falling in folds over the shoulder and right arm. America turns again to the Past.*) O Past! guarding in the record of thy

scrolls the years of toil and glory through which my children have won their way, read o'er for me the page laid safely away in your keeping.

*Past (stepping forward).*—Which are the pages you would have re-read? Those glowing with the heroism of the early struggle for independence, and illumined with such names as those of Washington and his loyal men? Truly they are well worth re-reading, for they thrill with the rush of battle and the intensity of earnest purpose. Live pages these, —the deeds they chronicle are mine, but their echo has outlived the Past, and shall reverberate in your far-off Present.

*America.*—True, but it is not this I would have you now recall. I cannot but be proud that my children were so unswervingly steadfast to their flag, when once they had unfurled it, but we have left behind the din of the battle-field; we are at peace with all nations. In spite of the glory, O Past! those are thy darkest pages. Leave war, and read what you have recorded in brighter lines.

*Past.*—Shall I turn to the glory and beauty which came soon in a land where men were free? I saw the beginning of that perfect liberty, in thought and speech and action, which has established within your wide borders the recognition of a manhood based on greater claims than birth or wealth.

The past alone is mine, and I can speak of that time only, but in that past was hidden the germ of the progress which, growing and spreading from year to year, has expanded to your most glorious present.

*America.*—It was indeed in the free Past that our prosperity began, and it may well be that our mission among nations is to teach the blessings of liberty; to illustrate it by our own free progress; and with it for our guiding star to bring its influence upon all who are yet enslaved. It is to the Future that we must turn for the answer. (*Turning to Future.*) Speak, and say if the coming years do not confirm the promise of the past. (*Future slowly*



*raises her arm to shroud closer her face in the folds of her veil. America stands amazed.)*

*America.*—What does this silence mean? Have you aught in store for us to belie the Past?

*Future.*—No,—only too surely have I in store what comes from the Past.

*America.*—Then we have but greater prosperity before us.

*Future (pointing away to right.)*—See!

*America.*—The flying figure of Rumor! Why should we dread what he may relate? His tongue speaks truth more often than falsehoods, and we have naught to fear from the truth. Never yet for us has Terror run with Rumor. (*Future again covers face.*) What mystery do you enshroud?

*Future.*—Blind country, can you claim the guiding star of liberty for your own, when Slavery, fettered and despairing, crouches at your feet?

*America.*—Slavery? Why, that is an institution of the past! Does Rumor find reason for predicting danger from such a cause as that? (*Rumor rushes in from R.—a boy in close-fitting costume with scarf floating over his shoulder.*)

*Rumor.*—War! war! war that can no longer be turned aside! Wild tales of coming war are in the air! (*Rushes off L.*)

*America (Seeking to delay him.)*—Stay! Your tale is false! We are at peace with all the world. (*Then stepping proudly forward.*) But even though the foe should come we are ready to defend our flag. (*To Future.*) Break your silence, Future! Speak, Present Rumor! I demand to know what nation dare attack us?

*Future.*—Even the mightiest of nations asks in vain what the Future may have to tell. But the shadow of the coming time already overclouds the Present. Seek there your answer. (*Points to L., where Rumor re-enters.*)

*America (to Rumor).*—What foe invades our country?

*Rumor.*—No foreign foe—but Discord among your own children. Discord and strife lead the way! They come (*pointing to R.*), and in their train follow War, Havoc, and Death.

(Steps back in terror. Sudden clash of discordant music, which continues as Discord enters, followed by War, Havoc, and Death. They are dressed in floating robes, Discord in bright crimson; War in black with silver armor,—helmet, shield, sword, etc., covered with silver paper; Havoc in red and black with many streamers, and Death in dull black and carrying the typical scythe. They enter stormily from right. America springs upon elevation and unfurls her flag. She speaks through the music.)

*America.*—Awake, my children! Danger is upon us, in our midst; more insidious, more terrible than an outside enemy! My children, now, if ever, is the time to answer your country's call! Protect the liberty you have won!

(As she speaks, the States enter from the back, and group themselves, the Northern around her, and the Southern around War and Discord, who form a group at R. C. Only the extreme Northern and Southern States need be represented, and may be costumed alike, in white, wearing crowns bearing their names in gilt letters, or they may be made as characteristic as possible. The music changes to a martial character, and the soldiers pour in from either side. Discord flings out her arms with triumphant gesture. War defiantly throws upon the ground the flag which she has carried, and steps upon it, and Rumor, kneeling, with head turned towards War, clings to the robe of Future (extreme R.), who solemnly lifts her arm, and gazes upward. Curtain falls to music in which school joins.)

(Tune, "John Brown's Body." Words adapted from Lowell.)

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,

In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side;

Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the bloom or blight,

Gives the choice 'twixt dark and night.

*Chorus.*

Hast thou chosen, O my people!

On whose party thou shalt stand,

Ere the Doom from its worn sandals

Shakes the dust against our land?

Then to side with Truth is noble, when we share her wretched crust,

Ere her cause brings fame and profit, and 'tis prosperous to be just;

Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward stands aside,

Till his Lord is crucified



(*Chorus.*)

New occasions teach new duties ; Time makes ancient  
good uncouth ;  
They must upward still, and onward, who would keep  
abreast of Truth ;  
Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires ! we ourselves must  
Pilgrims be,  
Launch our Mayflower on the sea.

(*Chorus* )

## PART II.

(The curtain rises on America, leaning with bowed head, against cannon in the middle of the stage. The cannon may be made with a wooden frame-work covered with black cambric. The tableau remains for a moment, then History, in robes of white, enters from left, reading and writing on her tablets. She is followed by the North and the South, dressed in robes of blue and gray, and carrying garlands of flowers.)

*History.*—The war has now become mine, a part of the history of the world. Oh, sorrowing country, lift your downcast head ! Rejoice that the right has triumphed, and that it is the victory of liberty and not of slavery that shall accompany your name upon my tablets.

*America.*—Shall I not sorrow for my children ?

*History.*—Sorrow for those who are left ; the heroes who died upon the battle-field need nothing but your loving pride. They have been brought in touch with the greatness of truth, and theirs is the heritage of liberty which they died to give to others. But sorrow for your sorrowing North and South. 'Tis they who best deserve your tears. (*America turns to them with a smile as History continues addressing them.*) Be proud of your country's right to stand once more with a serene and lifted brow among the old-world nations.

*North (passionately).*—But can her glory atone to us for our many dead ? The victory of truth and right is great, but greater is the loneliness for those whose places cannot be filled.

*South.*—And to us, who have not even the glory, whose desolate homes and heavy hearts come from a cause defeated, what can be left to us but grief for our dead ?

*America.*—There is left to you that which outlives the sorrow, the love that enshrines them. There is left their heroism, which History shall record for all the ages to come, there is left the liberty they fought for? There is brought to you what you never had before, the sympathy which binds you close together, my children, across the barrier the cannon-ball has torn down. Together twine your wreaths for your loved dead, and let sweet Memory (*enter Memory from left, clad in soft white, trimmed with smilax*) come to aid you in your task.

*Memory.*

(As she recites the poem, North and South hang garlands upon the cannon, forming tableau.)

By the flow of the inland river  
 Whence the fleets of iron have fled,  
 Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,  
 Asleep are the ranks of the dead.

Under the sod and the dew,  
 Waiting the judgment-day,  
 Under the roses the Blue,  
 Under the lilies the Gray.

And with an equal splendor,  
 The morning sun-rays fall,  
 With a touch impartially tender,  
 On the blossoms blooming for all.

And when the summer calleth  
 On forest and field of grain,  
 With an equal murmur falleth  
 The cooling drip of the rain.

No more shall the war-cry sever,  
 Or the winding river be red ;  
 To hush our anger forever  
 Will rise the thought of our dead.

Under the sod and the dew,  
 Waiting the judgment-day,  
 Love and tears for the Blue,  
 Tears and love for the Gray !

—*Finch.*

*America.*—The sorrows born of those stormy days will sink to rest in the hours of peace that follow ; the strife that came in the footsteps of discord has been stilled, but, through the passing sorrow and the strife, the vision of our country holds its high ideal unmoved.

Bow down, dear Land, for thou hast found release !  
 Thy God, in these distempered days,  
 Hath taught thee the sure wisdom of His ways,  
 And through thine enemies hath wrought thy peace !

Bow down in prayer and praise :  
 No poorest in thy borders but may now  
 Lift to the juster skies a man's enfranchised brow.  
 O beautiful ! my country ! ours once more !  
 Smoothing thy gold of war-dishevelled hair  
 O'er such sweet brows as never other wore.

And letting thy set lips,  
 Freed from wrath's pale eclipse,  
 The rosy edges of their smile lay bare.  
 What word divine of lover or of poet  
 Could tell our love or make thee know it,  
 Among the nations bright beyond compare ?  
 What were our lives without thee ?  
 What all our lives to save thee ?  
 We reck not what we gave thee ;  
 We will not dare to doubt thee ;  
 But ask whatever else, and we will dare ! —*Lowell.*

(Curtain.)

## Zouave Drill.

ARRANGED BY THE AUTHOR OF "PRESTON PAPERS."

For a company of twenty-five primary boys—or any odd number—one to act as captain. *Band* composed of such instruments and "make-believes" as are most readily obtainable—drum, fife, mouth-organ, bones, cymbals, etc., with piano or organ accompaniment.

### COSTUMES.

*Zouaves.*—Bright red pants (Arab style) and caps ; blue sashes and jackets ; leggings of leather-colored cambric ; light calico shirt-waists under jackets.

*Captain*, same as zouaves with addition of gilt braid (or paper) on edge, sleeves, and shoulder of coat and across the front in graded stripes ; white gloves ; gilt band on cap. For guns, broom-sticks, cut to required length, may be used. *Cart-ridge boxes* may be of pasteboard, covered with cambric.

*Band.*—Any fancy costume that will blend the national colors—for instance.



"soldier" blue pants with red braid down outside seam; navy-blue cap and jacket; white gloves.

*Drum Major.*—Gorgeous as possible—to imitate the real article.

*Girls.*—White cheese-cloth dresses, all made in same style—any simple, old-fashioned cut; red slippers and stockings—any ordinary slippers can be covered with red cloth; blue cheese-cloth sashes. Carry small flags. (The red and blue must all be of same shades.)

### DEFINITIONS.



1. *Position.* Heels on same line; feet turned out about equally and forming an angle of about fifty degrees; knees straight; body erect; shoulders square; arms hanging easily; head to front.

2. *Rest.* Silence not required, nor fixed position of any part of body except left heel, which must be kept in place.

3. *Attention.* Zouave takes position, remains motionless, and fixes attention on the captain.

4. *Eyes Right.* Turn the head slowly so as to bring the inner corner of the left eye in line with coat buttons. *Left* is reverse.

5. *Eyes Front.* Turn head so that nose is in line with buttons.

6. *Face Right, Left, or Front.* Same as 4 and 5.

7. *Salute.* Right hand raised, palm down, arm extended and horizontal; bring hand slowly to lower edge of cap, turn head a little to left, looking toward person to be saluted; bring hand and arm back to position slowly and gracefully, and head to front.

8. *Parade Rest.* Carry right foot slightly to rear, and bend left knee; clasp gun lightly with both hands in front of centre of body.

9. *Mark Time.* Make a show of marching, without advancing.

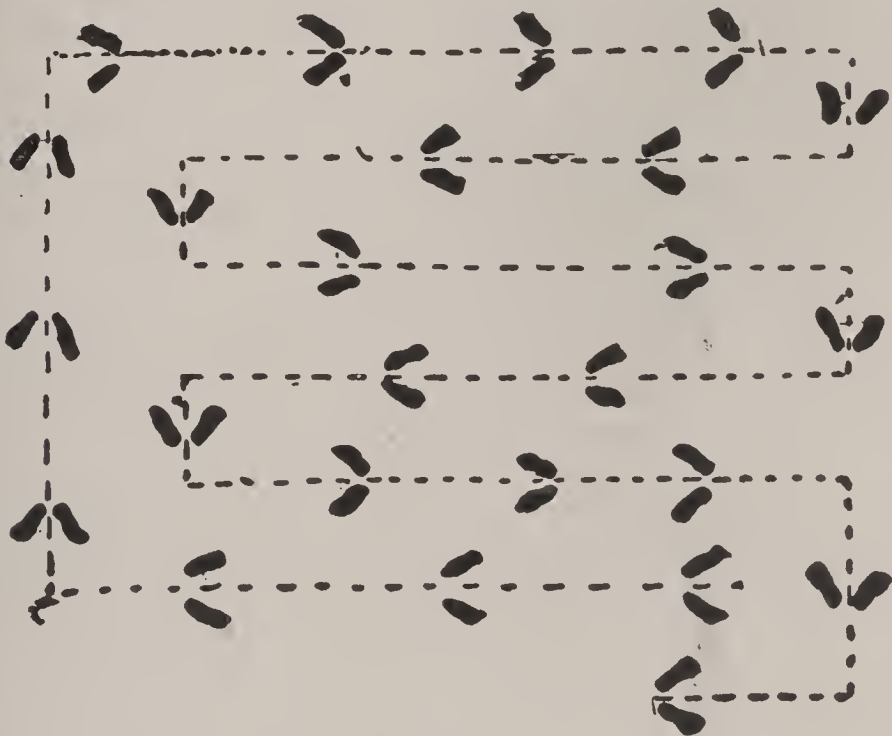
10. *Forward.* Throw the weight of the body upon the right leg without bending the other knee.

11. *March.* Begin with left foot, carrying each alternately to a stated distance forward, without crossing or hitting the legs.

12. *Halt.* Stop instantly, feet side by side.

13. *Change Step.* The hollow of the right foot is placed against the heel of the left, the zouave then stepping with the left. (Change on right foot is similar.)

14. *Back Step.* Separate. Carry left foot straight to rear; half the company stepping back.



15. *Present Arms.* Carry with right hand in front of centre of body; grasp with left hand six inches above right.

16. *Support Arms.* Pass from right hand to left arm, which bends at elbow, holding stick vertical and close to body; left arm from elbow crosses stomach horizontally.

17. *Order Arms.* Grasp with left hand, let go with right; lower to ground at right side, regrasping with right hand, dropping left at side.

18. *Carry Arms.* Raise vertically with right, at same time grasping with left above right; carry in



front of centre of body—then resume with the right hand, dropping left hand by side.

19. *Charge Bayonet.* Bend left knee slightly; drop stick into left hand; elbow bent; right hand grasping stick firmly, resting on hip; body slightly forward; left foot advanced, stick pointing forward.

20. *Shoulder Arms.* Raise vertically with right hand; place it against front of shoulder with inclination to left; rest it against back of head; left hand by side.

21. *Arms Port.* Carry diagonally across front of body from right hip to left shoulder; held firmly with both hands.

22. *Load.* Bend left knee slightly; drop stick into left hand, elbow against body; eyes toward motions; take cartridge from box in rear, holding firmly.

23. *Ready.* Raise as in *charge*.

24. *Aim.* Bring to chin with both hands lightly; right near chin, left several inches ahead; body easily erect; head brought over so that eyes follow stick.

25. *Fire.* Without lowering or turning head or moving stick, yell *bang!*

(The entire manual of arms would be too long for some of the youngest pupils—but each teacher will select the portions adapted to her own school, and by omitting or repeating adjust the length of the drill to her own school; and so of the line of march—if the platform is small, omit the fourth and fifth turns; but in all events, drill, *drill*, DRILL, DRILL, until the mechanical technique is instantaneous, uniform, and perfect—for therein lies all the beauty of the panorama.

#### DIAGRAM.

1. Enter *Band* from left, playing “Dixie”—marching to rear of stage; stand at left of rear while zouaves drill.

2. *Zouaves* enter from right near front, preceded by captain, followed by single file—ones and twos

alternating. March across front; turn squarely; march back to right; then to left, and so continue until rear of stage is reached, *captain* facing right of stage. March up right side to front; across front to left. *Captain* commands:

*Halt; face front; position; mark time; back step.* (Separate, the two's only, bringing them into rear. These should be the tallest;) *attention; salute.*

From here the drill may be "according to discretion," but, if the pupils are very young, too little rather than too much. Marching in double file down the centre, then separating, makes a pretty change; also *reversing*, one half crossing the stage from left to right in front, while the rest cross from right to left in rear.

During the *zouaves'* march *band* plays "John Brown's Body"—but is quiet during drill.

After *zouaves* march away, *band* follows, and girls march in in reverse order from that of *zouaves*; sing "Brave Boys."

(Words and music may be had of Oliver Ditson Co., Boston; 867 Broadway, New York.)

Where girls are not obtainable, the school may sing.

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## Program for Memorial Day.

1. *Opening song by the school*—"Decoration Day," page 43 of the Riverside Song Book. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

2. *Speech or short essay by a pupil*—"Why we Celebrate Memorial Day in Our School."

3. *Recitation by a pupil*:

### THE BUGLE CALL OF GETTYSBURG.

Where lay the lines of dark redoubt,  
The soldiers lie in slumber deep;  
Night's sentinels—the stars—shine out  
Above the mound of those who sleep.

But at the morning's ruddy break,  
 When hangs the mist—a silver pall—  
 The men of Gettysburg awake  
 To hear ring out the bugle call.

Above thy field, O Gettysburg !  
 The tears of love and honor fall.  
 Wake, soldiers, wake ! your slumbers break !  
 Ring out, ring out, the bugle call.

They rise from storied vale and hill,  
 Once more in spectral ranks they form !  
 Afar and near they gather still,  
 As 'mid the battle's lurid storm !  
 But now 'tis Peace, forever won ;  
 And 'mid the hush that covers all  
 There sounds along the line : " Well done ! "  
 While still rings out the bugle call.

The Blue and Gray in friendship meet,  
 And o'er the storied field again  
 The legend of the fight repeat,  
 With ne'er a thought of grief or pain,  
 Till o'er that host by honor blest  
 The shadows of the twilight fall ;  
 Then every spirit fades to rest  
 Until the dying bugle-call.

—*M. H. Rosenfeld in the N. Y. World.*

4. *Song and march by the school or a selected number of pupils*—"We're Marching Thro' Georgia."

5. *Recitation by a pupil* :

#### THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD.

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat  
 The soldier's last tattoo :  
 No more on life's parade shall meet  
 That brave and fallen few.  
 On Fame's eternal camping ground  
 Their silent tents are spread,  
 But Glory guards, with solemn round,  
 The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance  
Now swells upon the wind ;  
No troubled thought at midnight haunts  
Of loved ones left behind ;  
No vision of the morrow's strife  
The warrior's dream alarms ;  
No braying horn nor screaming fife  
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,  
Their plumèd heads are bowed ;  
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,  
Is now their martial shroud.  
And plenteous funeral tears have washed  
The red stains from each brow.  
And the proud forms, by battle gashed,  
Are free from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,  
The bugle's stirring blast,  
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,  
The din and shout, are past ;  
Nor war's wild note, nor glory's peal,  
Shall thrill with fierce delight  
Those breasts that never more may feel  
The rapture of the fight.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead.  
Dear as the blood ye gave,  
No impious footstep here shall tread  
The herbage of your grave ;  
Nor shall your glory be forgot  
While Fame her record keeps,  
Or Honor points the hallowed spot  
Where Valor proudly sleeps.

—*Theodore O'Hara.*

6. *Composition on "The Heroes of the Blue and Gray."*  
(Six of the most famous generals of the war, North and South, may form the theme.)

7. *Song*—"The Red, White, and Blue." (A dozen pupils may be chosen to stand on the platform and sing the song, the whole school joining in the chorus. Those



on the stage should each hold a flag and wave it at the beginning of each line of the chorus.)

8. *Recitation by a pupil :*

THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

Soldier, rest ! thy warfare o'er,  
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking ;  
Dream of battle-fields no more,  
Days of danger, nights of waking.

In our isle's enchanted hall,  
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing ;  
Fairy strains of music fall,  
Every sense in slumber dewing.

Soldier, rest ! thy warfare o'er,  
Dream of fighting fields no more :  
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,  
Morn of toil nor night of waking.

No rude sound shall reach thine ear,  
Armor's clang, or war-steed champing ;  
Trump nor pibroch summon here,  
Mustering clan, or squadron tramping.

Yet the lark's shrill fife may come,  
At the daybreak from the fallow,  
And the bittern sound his drum,  
Booming from the sedgy shallow.

Ruder sounds shall none be near,  
Guards nor warders challenge here ;  
Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,  
Shouting clans or squadrons stamping.

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

9. *Five quotations :*

a. When falls the soldier brave,  
Dead—at the feet of wrong—  
The poet sings, and guards his grave  
With sentinels of song.

—*Abram T. Ryan.*

b. Green are the fields where heroes now lie sleeping,  
Fragrant the air with summer's rarest gifts ;  
Soothed the fierce pain of hearts once torn and bleeding ;  
Time, blest consoler, soon the burden lifts.

c. I invoke all within the hearing of my voice to heed well the lessons of this "Decoration Day," to weave each year a fresh garland for the graves of some beloved comrade or favorite hero, and to rebuke any and all who talk of civil war save as the "last dread tribunal of kings and peoples."  
—*William Tecumseh Sherman.*

d. Here rest the great and good, here they repose  
After their generous toil. A sacred band,  
They take their sleep together, while the year  
Comes with its early flowers to deck their graves,  
And gathers them again as winter flowers.  
Theirs is no vulgar sepulchre, green sods  
Are all their monument: and yet it tells  
A nobler history than pillared piles,  
On the eternal pyramids. They need  
No statue nor inscription to reveal

Their greatness. It is 'round them; and the joy  
With which their children tread the hallowed ground  
That holds their venerated bones, the peace  
That smiles on all they fought for, and the wealth  
That clothes the land they rescued,—these though  
mute

As feeling ever is when deepest,—these  
Are monuments more lasting than the fanes  
Reared to the kings and demi-gods of old.

—*James Gates Percival.*

e. The honored dead! They that die for a good cause are redeemed from death. Their names are gathered and garnered. Their memory is precious. Each place grows proud for them who were born there. Tablets shall preserve their names, and the national festivals shall give multitudes of precious names to the orator's lips.  
—*Beecher.*

10. *The Decorators.*—(A committee chosen beforehand to collect flowers, to contribute for the decoration of the graves, step to the platform laden with wreaths and bouquets. Each recites his selection in turn, and after the closing song dispose of the flowers in the manner arranged.)

*First pupil :*

Bring roses and lilies,  
Bring violets blue,  
'Tis meet to make lovely  
The tombs of the true !

*Second pupil :*

Remember their valor,  
In dangerous days,  
And yield them a tribute  
Of tenderest praise !

*Third pupil :*

Their warfare is over,  
Their sufferings are done,  
And they sleep in the slumber  
Their sacrifice won !

*Fourth pupil :*

Hail ! hail ! to the heroes,  
In honor they lie,  
With their deeds for a monument  
Topping the sky !

*Fifth pupil :*

In song and in story,  
Till time shall grow old,  
The tale of their triumphs  
And toils shall be told !

*Sixth pupil :*

Bring roses and lilies,  
Bring violets blue,  
'Tis meet to make lovely  
The tombs of the true !

—*Susie M. Best.*

II. *Closing Song by the school.*—(Sung to the tune  
“*Lang Syne.*”)

Should glorious mem'ries be forgot,  
An' never brought to min',  
An' all for which we bravely fought  
In Auld Lang Syne.

*Chorus* —For Auld Lang Syne, so dear,  
 For Auld Lang Syne ;  
 We'll breathe the flow'rs o' mem'ry yet,  
 For Auld Lang Syne.

We've tramped the long and weary march  
 We've formed the battle line ;  
 But many a comrade's mustered out  
 Since Auld Land Syne.

They died for our Columbia's weal,  
 The weal is mine and thine ;  
 We owe the blessings of to-day  
 To Auld Lang Syne.

Immortal fame their valor won,  
 Shall bright and brighter shine ;  
 We'll keep in heart an' mind the days  
 Of Auld Lang Syne.

So here's a hand, my soldier friend,  
 An' giv's a hand o' thine ;  
 We'll join in flow'rs and tears to-day  
 For Auld Lang Syne. —*Lu B. Cake.*

## The Blue and the Gray.

By I. J. C.

CHARACTERS. { *Grandmother Allen.*  
                   *Bess* { Sisters.  
                   *Jane* {  
                   *Herbert*—(Their Brother).  
                   *Jack*—(His Friend).

SCENE. { *Family Sitting-*  
                   *Room.*  
 TIME.—*Morning.*

NOTE.—*Costumes.*—The costumes of the girls and boys may be conventional apparel. The grandmother should wear a simple black dress with white muslin around neck and crossed in front, and cap of same. False curls, powdered with corn-starch, may be pinned to the inside of cap. These, with spectacles, complete the costume. In order to make the face look older the eyebrows and lashes can be whitened with ordinary powder and the wrinkles of forehead and mouth pronounced by black lines made with crayon, etc.

*Sitting.*—In setting the stage, if it be impossible to set a window and there be a door, let the last scene at the window take place at the door. Should both be impossible, two curtains hung at the side can take the place of either.

This might easily be played by four girls by changing the names and one or two of the attitudes suggested for the boys.

### SCENE I.

*Family sitting-room. In foreground, on the left, a table with sewing basket ; to right of table, a rocking-chair*



*Door at back, left centre ; window with curtain at right. Grandmother discovered seated in rocking-chair sewing buttons on Herbert's jacket. Herbert stretched on floor, in shirt sleeves, with head buried in hands, studying aloud.*

*Herbert.*—"No more shall the war-cry sever,  
 Or the widening rivers be red ;  
 Our anger is . . . is (*looks at book*),  
 Our anger is banished forever  
 When are laurelled the graves of our dead.—  
 Under the sod and the dew, [(*Intently.*)]  
 Waiting the judgment-day—  
 Love and tears for the Blue,  
 Tears and love for the Gray !"

There (*throws book to back of stage*). I know it at last. It took me a long time, though (*stretches*), and now I'm so mixed, grandma, that I don't know which soldiers were the *Blue* or which were the *Gray*.

*Grandmother.*—The Confederates wore the gray uniform and the Union soldiers wore the Blue.

*Herbert.*—O, yes, I remember now. There's a picture of Grant in this book (*gets up and takes book off shelf or table at left and opens it*), and he has on the blue uniform, or at least I colored it blue with my crayons.

*Grandmother.*—(*Shakes her finger at him.*) Will you remember your piece to-night, Herbert?

*Herbert.*—I think so. What are the girls going to do ? (*Puts book back, walks down stage, and stands with back to audience.*)

*Bess.*—(*Outside.*) Where is grandmother?

*Jane.*—(*Outside.*) Let's look in the sitting-room—(*both girls enter, Jane first.*) Ah ! Here she is (*runs to grandmother, throws her arms around her. In doing so knocks off glasses and disarranges cap.*)

*Grandmother.*—Be careful, Jane, you are so strong !

*Jane.*—(*Shows hand bound up in handkerchief.*)

*Bess.*—(*Enters with apron full of flowers.*) Do look, grandmother, at these beautiful flowers we have been picking to carry this afternoon.

*Grandmother.*—(*Looking into apron.*) How beautiful.

*Jane.*—(*Leaning on back of grandmother's chair.*) Yes, they are *very* beautiful. But every one has a beautiful

thorn too (*looking at hand*). All but the one whose thorn I've got.

*Bess.*—(*Walking to centre.*) But you would grab them, Jane (*lets flowers fall into a heap on the floor*). Come, let's make the bouquets. (*All three sit on the floor around the flowers.*)

*Jane.*—Oh, I forgot, Herbert, Jack is looking for you in the garden. Go call him.

*Herbert.*—(*Gets up and walks to door.*) Jack! Hello! Come up—(*looks at girls*) and tease the girls. (*Girls exchange glances.*)

*Jack.*—(*Stands at door embarrassed, Herbert pulls him in.*)

*Grandmother.*—Come in, Jack. We are all glad to see you. See, the girls are arranging the flowers for the soldiers' graves. You can help them, I am sure.

*Jack.*—(*Takes off cap, Herbert puts it on chair and both sit down with girls.*) Mother said she hoped you would come over with the girls this evening to our party, Mrs. Allen.

*Grandmother.*—Your mother is very kind, Jack, I shall come if I can. So it is to be a Memorial evening. What are you going to do?

*Jack.*—Well, mother said you knew all about how Memorial day began and maybe you would tell me something nice to do.

*Bess.*—Yes, and she must help us, too. Just think, the party is this evening, and Jane and I haven't a thing. Herbert has a piece to speak, about the Blue and the Gray.

*Grandmother.*—I have another pretty one for Jane, and, Bess, you must sing.

*Herbert.*—(*Covers ears with hands.*)

*Jack.*—Mother wants a motto to put at each plate. I've got one for her (*takes paper out of pocket and reads.*) "If any man attempts to haul down the American flag shoot him on the spot."

*Herbert.*—That's good, Jack. How would you like, "Give me liberty or give me death"?

*Jack.*—Give me a pencil. (*Writes on paper. Both girls jump up and get books and sit down again.*)

*Bess.*—Here's mine: "Don't give up the ship."

*Jane.*—And here is mine : “I regret that I have but one life to give to my country.”

*Grandmother.*—I think that is the best of all, Jane.

*Herbert.*—Do you know how many shots are fired in the salute at a soldier’s funeral, Jack ?

*Jack.*—Yes. Three rounds of blank cartridges, with the muzzles pointed up, of course, (*gets up from floor and imitates the salute, then straddles a chair, leaning chin on back of it.*) And they wrap the soldier’s body up in the flag he fought for.

*Bess.*—(*Gets up and puts back books.*)

*Jane.*—It makes me feel so sorry to see the officer’s horse all saddled and being led behind the hearse.

*Bess.*—(*Leaning over grandmother’s chair.*) Do you think war is right, grandmother ? It seems so cruel.

*Grandmother.*—It is very cruel, dears, and some day let us hope we won’t have to have any at all.

*Jane.*—(*Gets up and kneels at grandmother’s feet.*) But you were going to tell Jack about your first Memorial day.

*Grandmother.*—Yes. So I was. It was not called Memorial day then. (*She stops sewing.*) I was about as old as your mother, Jack, a long time ago. (*Sighs.*) When the war broke out, my boy Phil was at college in the North and Tom was at home in Columbus with the girls and me. Phil thought the North was right, so he joined the Blues. Tom thought the South was right, and fought with the Grays. (*Takes off glasses and wipes them.*)

*Herbert.*—How old were they ? (*With bunch of white flowers in one hand and red in the other, gets up and walks behind chair to right of table, carelessly puts flowers on table, and leans his face on his hand.*)

*Grandmother.*—Tom was nineteen and Phil was twenty-one.

*Herbert.*—And they were both killed ?

*Grandmother.*—Yes. (*Bess drops flowers and listens.*) Yes, they brought Phil to me in the winter and my bonnie Tom in the spring. We buried them side by side. Those were very sad days, children. And while the war went on we were thinking always of the brave boys sleeping in the church-yard. There were so many sleeping



there. When the spring came again, like Jane and Bess, I gathered flowers to dress the graves. My friends joined with me and every year did the same. This was the beginning of Memorial day.

*Jane.*—What made them choose the 30th of May.

*Grandmother.*—Some say it was because on that day the last soldier of the Union Army in the last civil war was discharged. (*Motions to Herbert and helps him on with his coat.*)

*Jack.*—Mother said it was in Columbus that they first decorated the Confederate and the Union graves alike.

*Grandmother.*—Yes, you see they were *both* my boys, no matter what colored uniform they wore.

*Bess.*—I'm so glad you thought to do it, grandmother, dear. See, here we have all the red flowers and here all the white; which shall be for the Union men?

*Jane.*—The red.

*Herbert.*—And the white for the Confederates.

*Bess.*—All right! Come, help me gather them up and put them in water.

*Herbert.*—(*Crosses back to girls and assists. Jack and Jane do the same.*) (*Outside.—voices singing softly "We are tenting to-night."*)

*Grandmother.*—(*Picks up white and red flowers and blends them together and buries her head in them on the table.*)

(Curtain.)

SCENE II.—Same as before. Time.—Afternoon.

*Jane.*—(*Enters slowly with books. Studying to herself and gesticulating. Continues to walk up and down centre of stage.*)

*Herbert.*—(*Enters hurriedly and picks up book from floor, where he had thrown it in the morning, and begins to pace the floor, studying to himself.*)

*Jane.*—(*Not seeing Herbert, walks across and runs against him. Both say "I beg your pardon!" then turn in opposite directions and continue to study as before.*)

*Jack.*—(*Enters with both hands in pockets and hat pulled over his eyes. Shakes head energetically, stands for a moment and in dumb show recites. Then walks up and down centre of stage. Turns to right and runs against Jane.*)



*Turns to right and runs against Herbert. All three stand looking at one another.)*

*Bess.—(Outside, singing "The Star Spangled Banner.") All three turn backs to audience and clap their hands over their ears.*

*Herbert.—Who can study in a place like this?*

*Jack.—(Looking at watch.) Only fifteen minutes before the procession passes.*

*Jane.—I'm going mad. (Seats herself in rocking-chair.)*

*Bess.—(Still singing outside.)*

*Jack.—Please hear my piece, Jane.*

*Jane.—(Rocking frantically to and fro.) Can't. Don't know my own.*

*Jack.—Herbert, won't you?*

*Herbert.—(Sitting on table.) Have forgotten all I learned this morning (continues to study).*

*(All three now study aloud—trying to drown Bess's voice. Bess—outside, still singing.)*

*Herbert.—Bess! (loud.)*

*Jack.—Bess! (louder.)*

*Jane.—Bessie-e-e? (loudest.)*

*Bess.—(Stops singing.)*

*Herbert.—What are you trying to do?*

*Bess.—(Outside.) Sing.*

*Herbert.—Well, it's a noble effort, but in the name of pity be satisfied with the effort.*

*Bess.—(Enters very dignifiedly.) You are very rude, Mr. Herbert. Here, Jack, are some more facts for the party to-night (hands him an envelope containing slips.)*

*Jack.—(Opens envelope and reads slip.) "The first legislative action was taken by the State of New Jersey."*

*"The first State to declare Memorial day a legal holiday was the State of New York."*

*"The United States never has declared it a legal holiday, but both houses when in session adjourn 'as a mark of respect to the memory of our illustrious dead.'"*

*Thank you, ever so much, Bess, they are splendid. I did not know anything about the United States never having declared it a legal holiday.*

*Jane.—She didn't have to, everybody was ready.*

*Herbert.—Yes, and so are we. (Both boys don their hats.)*

*(Muffled drums heard outside. All rush to the window.)*  
Get your things on, girls. *(All throw books on table, Bess and Jane exeunt—both trying to get through door at the same time.)*

*Herbert and Jack.*—*(Run around the room in a circle looking for hats under tables, etc., etc.)*

*Herbert.*—Do you see it?

*Jack.*—What?

*Herbert.*—My hat.

*Jack.*—*(Looks at him and laughs.)* Yes.

*Herbert.*—Where? *(Looking around again.)*

*Jack.*—Oh!—Oh!—Oh!—On your head.

*Herbert.*—*(Indignantly.)* You think you're very funny, don't you? What were you looking for?

*Jack.*—Mine.

*Herbert.*—There it is.

*Jack.*—Where?

*Herbert.*—*(Laughing very heartily.)* On your head *(imitating Jack's voice).*

*Jack.*—Oh!

*(Drum outside.)*

*Bess and Jane enter with hats and flowers. Louder sound of drums.*

*Herbert.*—Here they are! Hurry up, girls!

*Outside.*—*(Singing "Marching through Georgia," in which all join, the boys waving caps and the girls standing on chairs waving handkerchiefs and flowers over boys' heads.)*

*(Curtain.)*

## PART V.

# Fourth of July.

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### The Nation's Birthday.

Wake her with the voice of cannon—give her colors to  
the morn !

Make the day right glorious that saw the nation born :  
Born to a life supernal like the bird of storied fame—  
From the ashes of dead empires springs her altar's sacred  
flame.

How bright the skies above her ! how fair her broad do-  
mains !

How rich the warm life-current that courses through her  
veins !

Her young brow fronts the nations with a promise half  
divine,

From the frozen hills of Norway to the land of oil and  
wine.

And Teuton, Celt, and Saxon, cowed down with toil and  
care,

With longing eyes look westward and bless her unaware.

Wake her with the voice of cannon—fling her colors to  
the breeze,

From her mountains and her cities and her ships upon  
the seas,

And wreath her shrine with garlands and crown her  
brows with ivy,

'Tis the nation's celebration—'tis Freedom's natal day.

—*Elizabeth M. Griswold.*

## Tommy's Ride.

(Recitation for the primary grade.)

The crackers cracked ; the guns went bang ;  
Folks shouted ; and the bells they rang ;  
All hearts were full of joy aud pride,  
When Tommy took his famous ride.

It wasn't in a big balloon  
That he sailed up to meet the moon ;  
But all the money in his pocket  
He spent upon a single rocket.

He planted it against the wall,  
And there it towered, slim and tall ;  
Then silly Tommy—such a trick !—  
Must tie himself fast to the stick.

Whizz ! went the rocket in the air ;  
The people stopped to wildly stare ;  
The dogs they barked with all their might,  
But Tommy soon was out of sight.

The old man in the moon looked out  
To see what it was all about ;  
Said he to Tommy, " Is that you ?  
Come in and see me,—how d'ye do ? "

Away went Tommy, fast and far ;  
He tried to catch a pretty star ;  
He saw the clouds go sailing by,  
Like boats of pearl along the sky.

But soon he slower went, and then—  
Down, down, he fell to earth again !  
Down, down :—the old man in the moon  
Said, " Call again some afternoon. "

Down, down ; sweet faces o'er him beam :  
How lucky this was all a dream !  
Safe in his little crib he lay ;  
And it was Independence Day.

—George Cooper.



## What Constitutes a State.

(To be spoken with emphasis.)

What constitutes a state ?

Not high-raised battlements or labored mound,  
Thick wall or moated gate ;  
Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crowned ;

Not bays and broad-arm ports,  
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride,  
Not starred and spangled courts,  
Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride

No—men—high-minded men—  
With powers as far above dull brutes endued,  
In forest, brake, or den,  
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude ;

Men, who their duties know,  
But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain,  
Prevent the long-aimed blow,  
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain :

These constitute a state ;  
And sovereign law, that state's collected with,  
O'er thrones and globes elate,  
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill.  
*—Sir William Jones.*

## Stand by the Flag.

(If a new flag is to be raised let this recitation be given a prominent place on the programme.)

Stand by the flag, its folds have streamed in glory,  
To foes a fear, to friends a festal robe,  
And spread in rhythmic lines the sacred story  
Of freedom's triumphs over all the globe

Stand by the flag, on land, on ocean billow,  
By it your fathers stood, unmoved and true ;  
Living, defended ; dying, from their pillow.  
With their last blessing, passed it on to you.

Stand by the flag, though death-shot round it rattle,  
 And underneath its waving folds have met,  
 In all the dread array of sanguine battle,  
 The quivering lance and glistening bayonet.

Stand by the flag, all doubt and treason scorning,  
 Believe, with courage firm and faith sublime,  
 That it will float until the eternal morning  
 Pales in its glories all the lights of time.

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## Independence Bell.

(Recitation for a boy.)

Old birthday bell of freedom !  
 The scar upon thy side  
 Is sacred as the battle-wound  
 Of which a conqueror died ;  
 'Twas when thy war-song sounded  
 A people burst their chain,  
 And Tyranny heard astounded  
 The death-knell of his reign.

Enough, O tuneful prophet !  
 On Independence morn,  
 When north and south thy clanging mouth  
 Proclaimed a nation born,  
 If to a hundred cities  
 The song such news could tell  
 Had been thy *nunc dimittis*,  
 Thy music's own farewell.

For bell no prouder tidings  
 E'er pealed to patriot ears,  
 Nor voice a gladder message spoke,  
 Than thine in all the years.  
 The lips that once such burden  
 Of joy to millions bore  
 Earned well the golden guerdon  
 Of silence evermore.

Thou stand'st like some gray singer  
 In fame forever young.  
 Time's mildews streak thy rifted cheek,  
 Its rust thy tuneless tongue ;

But the brave old proclamation  
 In echo lives, and will  
 To each new generation  
 Repeat thy story still.

And long thy throne of honor  
 For thee shall patriots claim,  
 Beneath th' historic campanile  
 Where swung thy brazen frame,  
 And bless that ancient morning  
 When thy grand voice on high  
 Rang once Oppression's warning,  
 And Freedom's battle-cry.

*Theron Brown, in Youth's Companion*

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## Flag of Our Nation Great

(Sing this to the "Italian Hymn.")

Flag of our nation great,  
 Waving in every state,  
 We love, adore ;  
 Emblem of purity,  
 Emblem of unity,  
 Emblem of liberty  
 From shore to shore.

Stars, stripes, and colors three,  
 Blending in harmony,  
 For thee we stand ;  
 No foe will ever rend  
 The flag which we defend  
 Unto the bitter end,  
 With heart and hand.

Our flag will never fail,  
 Freedom to those who hail,  
 From foreign shore ;  
 In freedom's sacred voice,  
 Let every one rejoice  
 Who make our flag their choice  
 For evermore.

Wave still in lofty air,  
O wave thou everywhere,  
On land and sea !  
Aloft on pole and spire,  
Pride of each son and sire,  
Keep all our hearts on fire,  
Flag of the free.

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## Boys' Marching Song.

(This may be sung to "Only an Armor Bearer.")

Proudly a schoolboy in the ranks I stand,  
Waiting to hearken to the next command :  
Marching or halting, if the order be,  
Every act of duty doing faithfully.

*Chorus after verses 1, 2, and 3.*

Hear now the signal sound, hark to the call ;  
Lightly, with steady tread, step one and all.  
Surely my teacher may depend on me,  
For in the vanguard of the class I'd be.

Promptly I'm always in my place at nine ;  
Every endeavor to be there is mine :  
"Present early," when the roll is called, I'll try  
To be ready then to answer "Here am I."

Boldly to stand up, boys, for teacher and school,  
Ever to do right is the standing rule.  
With earnest, strict attention to our work, we may  
Win distinction on examination-day.

Ever a scholar—for the whole world's a school,  
With pupils of both sexes it is always full.  
God grant that when at last the signal's given,  
"Forward," will the order be, "March direct to Heaven."

*Chorus after last verse.*

Then may the trumpet sound "Upward" the call,  
"Glory is waiting and a bright crown for all."  
If in life's schoolroom to our trust we're true,  
Ours will be the honors in that grand review.

—W. G. Williams.



# The Poets' History of America.

BY CLARA E. COOPER.

(This dialogue is for twelve persons. In a mixed school the smaller children could learn the short verses. Or it may be given by eight persons, one pupil reciting all the connecting verses. "The Landing of the Pilgrims" may be found in Monroe's Fourth Reader; "The Landing of Columbus" and "Barbara Fritchie," in the Fifth, and "Paul Revere's Ride," in the Sixth. "Independence Bell" is in Franklin's Fifth Reader, and "Abraham Lincoln," in Byrant's Poems.)

## *First voice.*

Come, lay for a while your work aside,  
And listen, great and small,  
To the history the poets give  
Of this country dear to us all;  
Of America, the land of the free,  
The home of the brave and of liberty,  
With its rugged mountains and plains without bound,  
The fairest land in the world to be found.

RECITATION : "*The Landing of Columbus.*"

## *Second voice.*

Suppose two centuries passed away  
And Jamestown built on Virginia's soil,  
Indian raids and harvests small,  
Scant reward for incessant toil;  
Behold, in a region further north,  
A band of exiles stepping forth,  
And on New England's rocky ground  
Erecting their cities, now world renowned.

RECITATION : "*Landing of the Pilgrims.*"

SONG : "*New England's Hills.*"

## *Third voice.*

See thirteen colonies quickly form  
And the Indian power fast decrease,  
The rulers appointed by England's king  
From petty tyrannies never cease;  
Laws unjust, like the Stamp Act, passed,  
The tea into Boston harbor cast,  
The war for independence begun,  
And the opening battle at Lexington.

RECITATIONS : “ *Paul Revere's Ride,*” “ *Independence Bell.*”

*Fourth voice.*

And now behold the thirteen States  
Joined in one as a nation free,  
Acknowledged by European powers,  
E'en by England, queen of the sea ,  
But jealous of our growing fame,  
Again with her armies England came,  
To be driven back to her home once more,  
Beaten as badly as before.  
Now list to the song a poet wrote,  
While prisoner held on a British boat.

SONG : “ *The Star Spangled Banner.*”

*Fifth voice.*

See the Barbary pirates brought to terms  
And the war with Mexico over and done,  
Gold in California found,  
And many new States to the Union won ;  
And then, alas ! see the States secede,  
Hear the cry of the slaves who for freedom plead,  
And opposing armies of gray and blue  
Fight for a cause each holds as true.

RECITATIONS : “ *Barbara Frietchie,*” “ *The New Year Vision,*” “ *Abraham Lincoln.*”

*Sixth voice.*

Soon followed days of prosperousness,  
When Peace and Plenty our land did bless ;  
The giant Steam with its rapid motion  
Connected the East and the Western ocean ;  
The electric cable the waves below  
Makes us friends with the land that was once our foe.  
United in brotherhood see us stand,  
And claim first rank for our native land.

SONG : “ *America.*”

# The Flags of Our Country.

BY L. M. HADLEY.

(Ordinary room, with a girl in a chair beside a table, studying.)

*Girl*: I like a poem or a song,  
A bit of romance can't be wrong,  
With just a hint of mystery,  
But, oh ! this tiresome *history*. (*Yawns.*)

What do I care for buried ages,  
The dry details and stupid pages  
Of battles fought, and bloody wars,  
Of olden customs and old laws,

Each one a shade worse than the last ?  
Why should I care for that old past ?  
Its ancient tales are naught to me :  
The *present* hour is all *I* see.

(*Studies ; then looks around and yawns.*)  
O, dear ! how study hours lag ;  
Little I care for that old flag,  
And, yet, alas ! much to my sorrow,  
That is the lesson for to-morrow.

I'm sleepy now as I can be,  
But that first question, let me see,  
Now, when Columbus found this world,  
What was the flag he first unfurled ?

What flag ? (*There, see me yawn again!*)  
I suppose it was the flag of Spain.—

No use to study now, I know,  
For while my head keeps nodding so  
I hardly know what I'm about,  
And jumble facts, without a doubt.  
I think I'll take a little nap,  
I'll study better then, mayhap.

(*Leans back in chair and falls asleep. Music outside, "Red, White, and Blue." Enter Columbia and Goddess of Liberty.*)

*Goddess* : O fair Columbia ! why are you here ?

*Columbia* : To-day is the grand review, my dear.

*Goddess* : The grand review. Now what is that, pray ?

*Columbia* : Oh, once each year on Columbia's day !

The flags we've used since the nation begun

Go marching before us every one.

Now here is a seat, fair goddess, for you,

To watch these flags while they pass in review.

And I know, by the strains of music I hear,

That the gay little company soon will appear.

Yes, here they all come, I know them full well ;

Question them now, and their names they will tell.

*(Enter ten girls carrying flags.)*

*Goddess* : Who is this all in white and  
green

Comes sailing over the sea ?

*First Flag* : I am the flag Columbus bore  
On his voyage of discovery.

This cross the symbol of the faith

Borne to an unknown land,

These crowns, and letters Y and F,

Isabella and Ferdinand.

*Columbia* : Pass on, O flag : your work is done,  
Give place unto another one.

*Goddess* : In white and scarlet, now  
what comes ?

With castle turrets bold,

And rampant lions blazoned there,

What flag do I behold ?

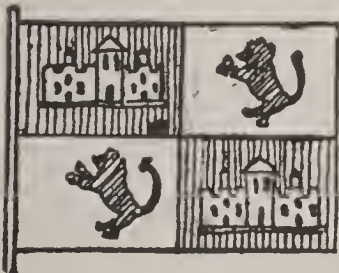
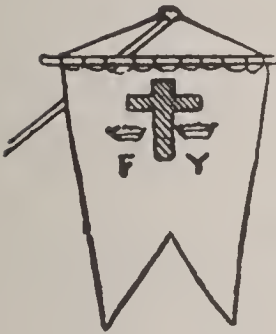
*Second Flag* : When Columbus and  
his little fleet

Sailed over the western main,

He planted me on the land he found,

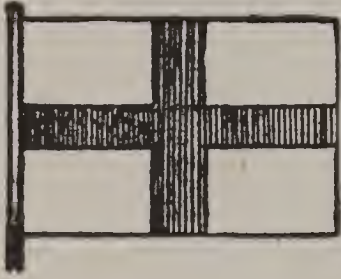
And I am the flag of Spain.

*Columbia* : O stately flag ! as you pass by,  
We turn a leaf of history.





*Goddess* : Ay ! and for us a glorious leaf.  
But what's the next flag given ?



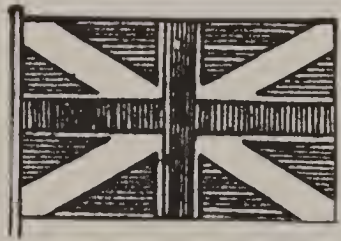
*Third Flag* : I sailed with Cabot over  
the sea

In fourteen ninety-seven.

St. George's cross, old England's flag!  
In red and white I come ;  
Ask of the storied years my deeds,  
Not one of them are dumb.

When, freighted with a nation's weal,  
The Mayflower sailed the sea,  
Then from her mast this flag of mine  
Was flying fair and free.

*Goddess* : But who is this that's just behind ?  
The same, yet *not* the same.



*Fourth Flag* : I am another English  
flag

That with the Mayflower came.

I, from her maintop in the breeze,  
All red and white and blue,  
England's and Scotland's " Union  
Jack,"

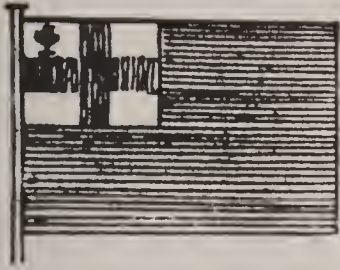
Above the other flew.

*Third and Fourth Flags together* :

We planted on this western soil  
Our colors brave and true,  
And 'neath our fostering folds at length  
A mighty nation grew.

But when, in place of mother-love,  
It felt old England's frown,  
From every staff throughout the land  
The English flag came down.

*Columbia* : O flags ! ye did your work right well,  
Now let the next his story tell.



*Goddess* : Ah, that old time ! It stirs  
my blood,  
And makes my pulses thrill.  
Now what is this I look upon ?  
The flag of Bunker Hill.

*Fifth Flag* : My field is blue as summer skies,  
While red as ruby wine  
Is the cross upon the union white,  
With one green and stately pine.

I waved above our men that day  
We met defeat ; yet still  
I saw the redcoats more than once  
Go flying down the hill.

*Columbia* : That day shall live in history.  
O flag of Bunker Hill ! pass by.

*Goddess* : O look ! What curious flag now comes ?  
Tell me what this may be ?



*Sixth Flag* : I am the flag our vessels  
bore,  
When fighting on the sea :

A stately pine on snowy field.  
Would'st know the legend given ?  
The words, writ so that all may read,  
Are "An Appeal to Heaven."

*Columbia* : Thy work by sea was bravely done,  
We pass now to another one.



*Goddess* : A crescent white on field of  
blue.

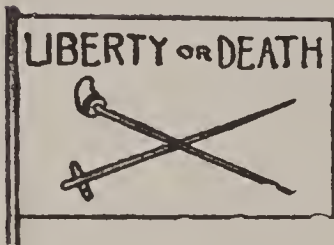
Is it an Eastern flag I see ?  
Why bears it then upon its folds  
The fair white legend, Liberty ?

*Seventh Flag* : No Eastern flag am I,  
but once,  
Where Charleston stands beside the  
sea.

On South Carolina's sea-washed shore,  
My blue folds floated fair and free.

*Columbia* : That olden time shall live for aye,  
But pass ye on, ye may not stay.

*Goddess* : What flag is this that now appears,  
On which, with bated breath,  
The words I read on field of white  
Are "Liberty or Death?"



It bears a staff and Phrygian cap,  
Crossed by an unsheathed sword,  
Beneath these words. Above what  
field

Hath this old flag once soared?

*Eighth Flag* : I waved o'er White  
Plains on that day

In which they met defeat,  
And sadly then, with drooping folds,  
I followed their retreat.

*Columbia* : That fatal day. I mind it well,  
What story does the next flag tell?

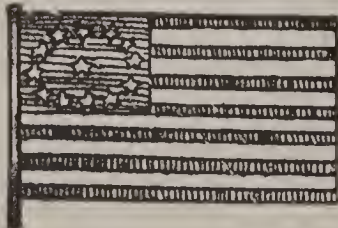


*Ninth Flag* : I am the flag of Wash-  
ington;

When Britain's flag came down,  
The Union Jack and thirteen stripes,  
I waved o'er Boston Town.

*Tenth Flag* : And I'm the flag that  
Congress said

Should wave above your head;  
I've thirteen stripes for thirteen States,  
Alternate white and red.



I first in seventeen seventy-seven  
Above the nation flew,  
Then my union bore just thirteen  
stars  
Upon a field of blue.

And since that time, with every State,  
We've added one star more.

Till now, though stripes are still thirteen,  
The stars are forty-four.

*Columbia and Goddess of Liberty :*

Oh, as Time's flying feet speed on,  
Till century after century's gone,  
Then as these flags pass in review,  
Still shall that dear red, white, and blue

Above them all wave glad and free,  
And not one star shall missing be.

(*Soft music outside. "Star Spangled Banner."*)

But hist ! that music soft and low  
Now tells us it is time to go.

We part until another year,  
And then, once more we'll meet you here.  
List to that music's magic spell.  
And so, brave flags, farewell—farewell.

(*All pass out.*)

(*Girl wakes and looks around as if in search of some one.  
Then she speaks.*)

Do I wake or sleep? O 'twas but a dream !  
And yet how real it all did seem,  
Those gay flags passing in grand review,  
Marching together two by two.

And, O ! how my heart leaped up with pride,  
As high over all there floated wide,  
That banner we know, that where'er it be,  
'Tis the sacred symbol of liberty.

The red and white of its stripes proclaim  
How *first* we were joined with a common aim ;  
The stars of white on a field of blue,  
That we *still* are joined in a union true.

It speaks to us, and to all the world,  
Wherever we see its stripes unfurled,  
Of heroes and patriots living and dead,  
And their glorious deeds of which all have read.

And tells us, as long as life shall last,  
To be true to the work it has done in the past,



'Tis our covenant sure, while life shall be,  
With justice, honor, and purity.

It was silly enough, I now declare,  
To say for these things I had no care ;  
But that dream has opened my eyes so far  
That I care for even the tiniest star.

Oh, the dear old flag, may it ever be  
As now, the symbol of Liberty,  
And now before my lesson is read,  
Let me tell you the words a poet has said.

*(Recitation: The whole or a part of "The American Flag," by Joseph Rodman Drake.)*

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## From Feudalism to Freedom.

BY OLIVE M. LONG.

*(Platform with drawn curtains ; below it, and at one side, a girl in modern dress, seated in arm-chair, idly turning over the leaves of a history.)*

*Girl.*—Yes, General Warren, you are a brave-looking man ; I would have known you were an officer, at least—and you are handsome, too (*turning pages*), which is more than I can say of you, La Fayette, though perhaps you wouldn't be so bad if it weren't for your stiff, wooden wig and high collar. No wonder they called it a choker. And your name ! What was it ? O yes—here—Marie Jean Paul Roch Yves Gilbert Motier, Marquis de la Fayette (*turning pages*). Ah, John Smith—were you the first John Smith, I wonder ? I should think that a man as fond of adventure as you were wouldn't like to come down to always sitting on that log, showing the same old compass to the same old Indians. And I should think they'd get used to it, instead of looking just as surprised every time I open the book (*turning pages*). And here's Columbus, pointed beard, and ruff, and all. You had your fame and glory diluted with a good deal of unhappiness, didn't you (*turning pages*) ? And here's the map. Appropriate to always paint the ocean blue, isn't it ? Though perhaps it was anything but blue some of the nights of the first journey across it,

so long ago—and it was the sailors who were blue instead. Let me see ; he started *there* (*tracing with finger*), and it took him over two months to sail—how far was it ? About six inches here, I should say. The very first time those waves ever parted for a civilized being. And how can people know, after all this time, that Columbus sailed in just those little scallops ? Almost four hundred and three years ago ! In October, too, wasn't it ? (*Yawning.*) Well, with all their troubles, they didn't have to study history lessons when they were almost *asleep*, and even if they had, there wasn't so much of it to study then. I'm not *sure* that I'd like to have lived long ago, particularly as in that case I wouldn't be living now, but I would like to try it. (*Nodding sleepily.*) How queer it would be not to have any United States, or a president, or (*more sleepily*) senators of congress—no, I mean members of—of senators—oh (*half-asleep*), what do—I—mean ? (*Falls back in chair asleep.*)

(*Enter from between curtains, which remain closed, the Goddess of Sleep, in black dress sprinkled with silver stars. Silver crown, with crescent moon, and wand tipped with silver star. She remains through the whole representation on platform outside of curtain. She bends over sleeping girl, waving her wand gently.*)

*Goddess of Sleep.*—Sleep, little maid of the nineteenth century, and in your sleep go back to those other lands and climes you would like to know. Travel back to the long ago through the easiest and shortest of paths, the way of dreams. Know what the world was like before the light of liberty had touched the land and sea with its shining fingers. Look first into the darkness of the middle ages (*curtains part on empty stage*), one hundred years before Columbus was born to dream of sailing into unknown waters, and see what child-life meant in the feudal ages. (*Enter from opposite sides of stage girl and a boy in poor, plain dresses—the boy wearing a loose blouse belted in, and the girl a tall peaked cap. She carries a basket.*)

*Boy.*—Ah, Hildegard, well met. They wait thee at the castle. Hast been after eggs ?

*Hildegard.*—Yes, Roland, I had to go the villagers after them. There were not enough at the castle. I doubt there be enough e'en now for the great Yule feast.

*Rolana.*—Ah, thou shouldst hurry, Mistress Hildegard, to see the preparations made for it! You could scarce count the sheep, the cattle roasted whole, the wild-boar's head—

*Hildegard.*—As if I knew not more of cooking than you, Master Roland!

*Roland.*—At least you should see the goods the knight of the castle has brought home from his raid. Finer cloth than even you can spin and weave, Garda. (*She looks at her dress with a pout.*) You must know the knight rode out yester morning with twenty men, for they saw from the tower of the castle the band of merchants journeying by with their goods. And how they laid in wait for them behind the rocks, and how cunningly they swooped out upon them as they passed, and left them with nothing but their clothes and horses? The castle is alive with merriment over it. Would that I had been there?

*Hildegard.*—Perhaps you may by the new year. Is not your schooling time most finished?

*Roland (jubilantly).*—That it is! I am almost done being a page; then, think you, I will become my master's squire, and you shall shortly see me following him on a horse as proud as his—

*Hildegard.*—Your apparel would scarce fit that.

*Roland.*—This?—no—but wait till I wear a gay suit—with a feather, and carry a lance, mind you, Hildegard! Why, *I* say that's what half the preparations at the castle are for—half for Yule feast, and half for that I have 'most finished my training.

*Hildegard (laughing).*—Why not say 'tis all for that? You may as well. My schooling was finished long ago. I should be ashamed if I had not known a year since how to spin, and weave, and cook a fowl and all the meats, and make a great cheese and many kinds of pastry.

*Roland.*—Wait, wait, wait! Hear *my* list now—I can ride a fiery horse, which thou canst not.

*Hildegard.*—Nor can you truss a goose!

*Roland.*—Saints forbid! And I can cast a lance, and hunt with a falcon, and fight with the short sword—

*Hildegard.*—Enough! There ends your list.

*Roland.*—Well, even that were not a bad showing.

*Hildegard.*—And you can get hurts enough, which .!



can bind up and say a charm over to make them well. But have you heard of the guest our master bringeth home?

*Roland.*—No, what of him?

*Hildegard.*—What, he can read!—what think you of that? And—mark me—write his name beside!

*Roland.*—And he not a priest? It cannot be.

*Hildegard.*—But it is. I am eager to see him. I think he must look different from others.

*Roland.*—You had better be eager to hurry. They'll be waiting the eggs, and you'll be scolded soundly for coming late.

*Hildegard.*—As if you hadn't kept me with your chattering. But the basket (*lifts it*) is heavy. Couldst thou not carry it, Roland?

*Roland.*—'Tis out of my way. My road lies yonder. Besides, I tell you I am almost become a squire, and did you ever know one to carry a basket? And then 'tis too heavy.

*Hildegard.*—Too heavy! 'Tis not one half so heavy as the armor and lance you will shortly don, and swear 'tis light. And 'tis no more out of your way than every knight is taught he should go to aid a damsel.

*Roland.*—To aid a damsel in danger, yes, but to carry a basket of eggs, who ever saw a knight do that! However, 'tis heavy for you, and as I am not yet a knight, I'll carry it for you, Garda.

(*Exit. Curtains close.*)

*Goddess of Sleep.*—Friendship and childish innocence can lighten even a time of ignorance and darkness, and it is best you should not see its shadows. The years roll on, dream years are short—and now catch a glimpse of the dawn; the old-world sailor is preparing to find for you a new country. (*Curtains part. Three children, very ragged, discovered playing with pebbles on floor.*)

*Carlo.*—Marco, it's my turn. We shan't let you play with us, if you cheat.

*Marco.*—'Tisn't cheating. You played twice before.

*Carlo.*—Once! Wasn't it once, Paulus? Your head must be upside down, Marco, like the people on Columbus' round earth?

*Paulus.*—Columbus' round earth?



*Marco.*—Haven't you heard of it? Surely you have seen Christopher Columbus?

*Paulus.*—Yes, he is the kind-looking man with white hair and long dark robe, who smiles at us when he goes by.

*Marco.*—And don't you know his wild plan? He thinks the earth is round, Paulus! (*Bursts into laughter.*)

*Carlo laughing.*—Think of the people on the other side, then; they must have hooks on their feet to hold on by! (*All shriek with laughter.*)

*Paulus.*—But can't he see by looking out on the street that it is flat and not round?

*Marco.*—O, he thinks it's a big kind of roundness, that we can't see, and he wants to sail around it! Why, the ship would fall off as it came to the edge of the curve.

*Carlo.*—But he can never get sailors to go with him.

*Paulus.*—Isn't that he coming yonder?

*Marco.*—Where? O, yes, I see him. He looks at the ground as he walks; perhaps he's trying to see the people on the other side (*pointing down*). (*All laughing merrily as Columbus enters slowly. He stops to watch them play.*)

*Columbus.*—You are merry, little children. How old are you, my boy? (*To Carlo.*)

*Carlo.*—I am nearly nine, please you, sir.

*Columbus.*—Nine years. And does that seem a long time?

*Carlo.*—I don't know what you mean. It's always, sir!

*Columbus.*—Nine years always? I thought so once, too. But nine years, and nine years more, can go by with nothing gained. But there is always hope before.

*Carlo.*—I can't understand you, sir.

*Columbus.*—Don't try, my little boy. Play on with your pebbles. (*Walks on slowly.*)

*Marco.*—Now when 'tis your turn, Carlo, you forget to play. Shall I toss instead?

*Carlo.*—Not much! One—two—

(*Curtains close.*)

*Goddess of Sleep.*—A sad and weary time to carry on one hope. And how sad no one knows till he stands alone against the world. At last, however, success

clasps hands with him for a little while, and he gains the chance to try. Can you imagine how he felt, lonely on his little vessel, with Spain leagues behind, and only the waste of water before? (*Curtains open, showing Columbus alone. He speaks sadly, from Lowell's poem :*)

"Here am I, for what end, God knows, not I," etc.

(*Curtains close.*)

*Goddess of Sleep.*—The last day passed, and in the morning light the new world lay before him. (*Curtains open, disclosing Columbus kneeling on one knee, planting the banner of Spain. After a few moments the curtains close.*)

*Goddess of Sleep.*—And so the new world is found at last, and many are the voyagers who sail across the wide sea to explore its unknown coasts. See them, little maiden, as they pass in their eager search,—Cabot, John Smith, Hendrik Hudson, Cortez, and Francis Drake. They hurry by in their restless wanderings—but here come others who seek a home in the new world ; a home free from oppression and tyranny, and for the sake of their liberty they are willing to undergo the privations of the bleak wilderness. Ere they have gone like the rest, look upon the sweet Puritan maiden, Priscilla (*curtains open*), alone with her wheel, after the long and terrible winter. (*Priscilla discovered in plain dress, with white kerchief, spinning, or if a wheel is unavailable, knitting. She looks thoughtfully away.*)

*Priscilla (from Longfellow)*—"I have been thinking  
all day of the beautiful hedgerows in England,  
They are in blossom now, and the country is all like a  
garden ;  
Thinking of lanes and fields, and the song of the lark  
and the linnet,  
Seeing the village street, and familiar faces of neighbors  
Going about as of old, and stopping to gossip together,  
And at the end of the street, the village church, with the  
ivy  
Climbing the old gray tower, and the quiet graves in the  
churchyard.  
Kind are the people I live with, and dear to me my  
religion ;  
Still my heart is so sad that I wish myself back in old  
England ;

You will say it is wrong, but I cannot help it ; I almost Wish myself back in old England, I feel so lonely and wretched."

*(Curtains close.)*

*Goddess of Sleep.*—But after a century and a half, the hardy settlers of the new continent found that they had



PRISCILLA.

not even here escaped the old oppression. From across the sea they felt the old injustice and despotism closing in upon them. Was their hard-gained liberty worth fighting for? They thought so indeed. The words of



John Adams voice the strong feeling of the young nation. (*Curtains open. John Adams steps forward on the stage. His costume is simple,—knee-breeches, ruffled waist, and ruffles at wrist. Powdered hair.*)

*John Adams (from Daniel Webster).*—"Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote. It is true, indeed, that in the beginning we aimed not at independence. But there's a divinity which shapes our ends. The injustice of England has driven us to arms; and, blinded to her own interests for our good, she has obstinately persisted, till independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it and it is ours. Why, then, should we defer the declaration?

"If we postpone independence, do we mean to carry on or to give up the war? Do we mean to submit, and consent that we ourselves shall be ground to powder, and our country and its rights trodden down in the dust? I know we do not mean to submit. We never shall submit. The war must go on. We must fight it through.

"Read this declaration at the head of the army; every sword will be drawn from its scabbard, and the solemn vow uttered to maintain it, or to perish on the bed of honor. Publish it from the pulpit; religion will approve it, and the love of religious liberty will cling round it, resolved to stand with it or fall with it. Send it to the public halls; proclaim it there; let them hear it who first heard the roar of the enemy's cannon; let them see it who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunker Hill, and the very walls will cry out in its support.

"Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it, and I leave off as I begun, that, live or die, survive or perish, I am for the declaration. It is my living sentiment, and by the blessing of God it shall be my dying sentiment—independence now, and independence forever!"

(*Curtains close.*)

*Goddess of Sleep.*—And while within the first congress met to decide their position, outside the people waited,



to hear the tidings, good or ill ; to hear the old bell  
 "proclaim liberty to all the world, to all the inhabitants  
 thereof." Listen to the story.

*(Pupil steps to platform (across from sleeping girl) and  
 recites :)*

There was tumult in the city,  
 In the quaint old Quaker town,  
 And the streets were rife with people  
 Pacing restless up and down—  
 People gathering at the corners,  
 Where they whispered each to each,  
 And the sweat stood on their foreheads  
 With the earnestness of speech.  
 As the bleak Atlantic currents  
 Lash the wild Newfoundland shore.  
 So they beat against the Statehouse,  
 So they surged against the door ;  
 And the mingling of their voices  
 Made a harmony profound,  
 Till the quiet street of Chestnut  
 Was all turbulent with sound.  
 "Will they do it?" "Dare they do it?"  
 "Who is speaking?" "What's the news?"  
 "What of Adams?" "What of Sherman?"  
 "O, God grant they won't refuse!"  
 "Make some way there!" "Let me nearer!"  
 "I am stifling!" "Stifle, then!"  
 When a nation's life's at hazard  
 We've no time to think of men!"  
 So they surged against the Statehouse  
 While all solemnly inside  
 Sat the "Continental Congress,"  
 Truth and reason for their guide.  
 O'er a simple scroll debating,  
 Which, though simple it might be,  
 Yet should shake the bluffs of England  
 With the thunders of the free.  
 Far aloft in that high steeple  
 Sat the bellman old and gray;  
 He was weary of the tyrant  
 And his iron-sceptred sway.  
 So he sat with one hand ready  
 On the clapper of the bell,

Where his eye could catch the signal  
 The long-expected news to tell.  
 See ! See ! The dense crowd quivers  
 Through all its lengthy line,  
 As the boy beside the portal  
 Hastens forth to give the sign !  
 With his little hands uplifted,  
 Breezes dallying with his hair.  
 Hark ! with deep, clear intonation  
 Breaks his young voice on the air.  
 Hushed the people's swelling murmur,  
 Whilst the boy cries joyously.  
 "Ring !" he shouts, "Ring, grandpa,  
 Ring, oh ring for liberty !"  
 Quickly at the given signal  
 The old bellman lifts his hand,  
 Forth he sends the good news, making  
 Iron music through the land.  
 And the old bell in the steeple,  
 High betwixt the earth and sky,  
 Rung out loudly, "Independence ;"  
 Which, please God, shall never die !

*(At the appropriate line the curtains open, disclosing tableau of the little boy waving his hand and looking up. As the curtains close, the entire school bursts into the song of "Columbia," which they sing through. Then)—*

*Goddess of Sleep.*—With the country roused to action, was it wonderful that they should win the fight ? Let us pause for a glimpse of one of the early heroes. *(Curtains open, disclosing Paul Revere, in anxious watching attitude. Costume same as John Adams, with addition of hat. As curtains close, a pupil steps to side of platform and recites :)*

#### PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.

Listen, my children, and you shall hear  
 Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere.  
 On the eighteenth of April in seventy-five,  
 Hardly a man is now alive  
 Who remembers that famous day and year.

*(Pupil is seated.)*

*Goddess of Sleep.*—Another step gained in the march of freedom ; their country was their own at last, and

instead of a king they had a man chosen by the people themselves, to be their first president. (*Curtains open, disclosing George Washington. If desired, he may give selections from the inaugural address. Curtains then close.*)

*Goddess of Sleep.*—Alas, that over the freedom of the country should slowly creep the cloud of bondage, this time in a new form! Slavery now cries out from the South, and the United States of America are divided against themselves for four long years of war. *From behind the curtains, or if preferred, by the whole school, is sung "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." Slowly and sadly at first, but growing louder. This is followed by a military drill for boys, first marching around the room, and then to stage; then camping for the night with sentry guard: alarm given, hasty preparations, rushing to battle. To be given by all the boys, not in costume; as they march to their places the school begins, "In the prison-cell I sit," and continue it after they are seated.*)

*Goddess of Sleep.*—The heroes were not all on the battle-field, and among the many who were ready to die for their flag, let us glance at one whom the country has loved to honor. (*Pupil recites :*)

#### BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

Up from the meadows rich with corn,  
Clear in the cool September morn, etc.

(*At the close the school begins to sing "The Red, White, and Blue," and curtains then open, disclosing tableau of Barbara Frietchie waving flag. At close of song boy at side of platform recites thirty-one lines from Lowell's Commemoration Ode," beginning at*)

"Not in anger, not in pride  
Pure from passion's mixture rude."

*Goddess of Sleep.*—The civil struggle is over at last, and now brighter and stronger grows the light of liberty; the liberty which is truth! Through the long centuries the world has only gained it or kept it through earnest effort, and only through earnest effort can it keep it or gave it now.

(*Recitation of Holmes' "Union and Liberty."*)

Flag of the heroes who left us their glory,  
Borne through our battle-field's thunder and flame,  
Blazoned in song and illumined in story,  
Wave o'er us all who inherit their fame !

*(At close of recitation curtains open on the figure of the Goddess of Liberty, holding aloft our flag. She is dressed in long robes, and has flowing hair. Curtains remain open while Goddess of Sleep speaks.)*

*Goddess of Sleep.*—Union and Liberty!—one evermore ! Awake, little maid, from thy dream of the past, to the living power of the present. *(Girl moves as if awakening. Goddess of Sleep steps to side of figure of Liberty.)* Awake to the freedom which is your most glorious birthright ; remain no longer under even my gentle sway, for the Goddess of Sleep offers up her sceptre to the Goddess of Liberty ! *(Kneels and lays wand at her feet as curtains close. Girl opens her eyes ; starts to her feet.)*

*Girl.*—Have I been dreaming, or did I read it all here ? *(Looking at book.)* Surely it was more real than these pages. Hark ! An echo of my dream ! *(From behind the curtain "America" is softly begun ; growing louder, the piano and entire school join in.)*



## PART VI.

# Closing Day.

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### Welcome, Friends.

By E. S. F.

(For seven little girls to give as an opening piece. Each one has a large gilt letter held behind her, and at the appropriate moment she holds this in front of her. The children must be of equal size, and hold the letters in a straight line to show the word nicely.)

*First child. W.*

Welcome, kind friends, we greet you all,  
Who have answered to our call,  
And I will gladly turn to view  
My letter, which is "W."

*Second child. E.*

Every beaming face I see  
Seems to answer back to me  
Smile for smile, in merry glee,  
And so behold my letter "E."

*Third child. L.*

Love and mirth and wit combine  
In the festive wreath we twine  
To charm you with its magic spell,  
And thus I turn my letter "L."

*Fourth child. C.*

Care hath no place here to-night  
'Mid those youthful faces bright ;  
From Life's future shadows free,  
So I turn my letter "C."

*Fifth child. O.*

You have not forgotten quite  
All youth's rosy morning light,  
Shining in the long ago,  
So here you see my letter "O."

*Sixth child. M.*

If we with our merry lore  
Make you all feel young once more,  
Still Time bids us onward go,  
And here the letter "M" I show.

*Seventh child. E.*

E stands for "end," and so you see  
That is the one that comes to me ;  
All things must have an end they say,  
And so kind friends we'll only stay  
A moment that you all may see  
What word is ended with my "E."

*Together.*

"Welcome" is the word we spell,  
And "welcome" say our hearts as well ;  
Welcome, old and young and all  
Who have answered to our call,  
Welcome, welcome, welcome all.

---

## How to Speak a Piece.

(A very small boy should be selected to deliver this speech. He should give a number of gestures to suit the words, and emphasize strongly the words "she," "me," and "of course" in the second verse ; "that" and "so" in third verse ; and the entire last line of the last verse.)

By RUTH DAVENPORT.

I am not here to make a speech ;  
I only thought I'd like to teach  
Those little boys who feel so grand  
When they get up here on this stand  
Some things they ought to know.

My sister goes to grammar school  
And so, of course, she knows the rule  
Just how to stand and how to bow ;  
Just as you see me doing now.

Of course boys ought to know.

She told me how to emphasize.  
Perhaps as they're not very wise  
What that means they would like to know ;  
It means to speak some words just so.  
And, now, I think they'll know.

If not, when I have learned my piece  
(Part of Lord Byron's " Lines to Greece "):  
And pay attention to the rules  
Of speaking taught in grammar schools,  
Then they will surely know.

---

## Vacation.

By JENNIE D. MOORE.

(Recitation for a very little girl.)

I'm glad vacation is coming,  
The happiest time of the year,  
The time of joy and gladness,  
To children's hearts so dear.

No more lessons to study,  
Nothing to do but play ;  
Out of sight and forgotten,  
We'll put our books away.

We'll say " good-bye " to our teachers,  
Our teachers kind and true ;  
*I* think they *like* to see us play,  
All summer long, don't you ?

The little birds in the tree-tops  
Are not more glad than we,  
When we roam thro' flowery meadows,  
So happy and so free.

We'll play in the long deep grasses,  
Under a bright blue sky ;  
Where daisies grow, and the brook below,  
Sings a song as it hurries by.

## Before School and After School.

(Attention should be paid to the change of voice at each change of phrase. The title "Before School" should be pronounced distinctly, and followed at the end of the tenth line with "After School.")

"Quarter to nine! Boys and girls, do you hear?"

"One more buckwheat, then—be quick, mother dear!

"Where is my luncheon-box?" "Under the shelf,  
Just in the place you left it yourself!"

"I can't say my table!" "O, find me my cap!"

"One kiss for mamma and sweet Sis in her lap."

"Be good, dear!" "I'll try."—"9 times 9's 81."

"Take your mittens!" "All right."—"Hurry up, Bill;  
let's run."

With a slam of the door, they are off, girls and boys,  
And the mother draws breath in the lull of their noise.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Don't wake up the baby! Come gently, my dear!"

"O, mother! I've torn my new dress, just look here!

I'm sorry, I was only climbing the wall."

"O mother, my map was the nicest of all!"

"And Nelly, in spelling went up to the head!"

"O say! can I go on the hill with my sled?"

"I've got such a toothache." "The teacher's unfair!"

"Is dinner most ready? I'm just like a bear!"

Be patient, worn mother, they're growing up fast,

These nursery whirlwinds, not long do they last.

A still, lonely house would be far worse than the noise;

Rejoice and be glad in your brave girls and boys!

---

## Air Castles.

BY RUTH DAVENPORT.

(Ordinary school dress could be worn by the child who recites "Air Castles." An umbrella and hat could be added to give an out-of-door effect. The little air after each verse may be sung by a small chorus seated near the platform.)

The way is long from my home to the school,

And none of my mates go my way;

But the bright spring fills my heart with delight,

And I'm always merry and gay.

The birds are singing their merriest notes



In the swaying tree-top so high,  
 Their sweetest notes ringing the livelong day ;  
 As they're singing, why may not I ?



(Sings) Merrily, merrily,  
 Birds upon the tree-top high.  
 Merrily, merrily,  
 As they sing, why may not I ?

Sometimes my fancy builds a concert hall  
 With rich carpet of velvet green ;  
 The walls of most beautiful blue and white,  
 And lights the most brilliant e'er seen.  
 The birds—the musicians and singers, too ;  
 What artists with them can compare !  
 They are costumed in brown, blue, red, and gold.  
 Such garments no others may wear.

(Sings) Merrily, etc.

The ladies come thronging in merry groups,  
 Fine apparelled and fair of face ;  
 The violets in purple, royal, and pale,  
 Which they wear with daintiest grace

The Arbutuses' gowns are pink and white,  
 Sweet odors float by as they move,  
 And of all the dear friends among the throng,  
 To these I give most of my love.

(*Sings*) Merrily, etc.

The Dandelions come in fluted crape  
 Woven in with the sun's own gold :  
 The Bluets are there, and the Daffodils,  
 Yellow, soft-clinging robes enfold.  
 The Daisies come robed in the purest white  
 With knots of bright gold at the heart ;  
 Sometimes their cousins in yellow and brown  
 Are of this gay company part.

(*Sings*) Merrily, etc.

The Valley-lilies take the corner seats,  
 Green fans near their faces hold ;  
 The Buttercups wear yellow satin, soft,  
 And a crown of fairies' gold.  
 The Crocus and Tulip families come,  
 None gayer than they do I see.  
 If you would enjoy the festival, too,  
 Some morning come walk with me.

(*Sings*) Merrily, etc.

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## Geography's a Study.

By L. F. ARMITAGE.

(For a grammar-grade boy to recite.)

Geography's a study  
 My views of which are muddy,  
 I wish that I might toss the book away.  
 And there's my sister Kitty,  
 Who's very smart and pretty—  
 She laughs at all the dreadful things I say.  
 O'er the last examination  
 I felt so much vexation,  
 For all the answers that I gave were wrong.  
 I said that Yokohama

Was in southern Alabama,  
And the capital of Holland was Hong Kong.

And I said that the Nebraska  
Was a river of Alaska,  
And flowed into the Caribbean Sea ;  
That the island of Tasmania  
Was south of Pennsylvania,  
And San Francisco on the Zuyder Zee.

And then I said Tampico  
Was a town of Porto Rico,  
'The Andes mountains between France and Spain ;  
Also that Dutch Guiana,  
Was southeast of Montana,  
The Bay of Biscay on the coast of Maine.

What can be done about it ?  
I'd like to do without it.  
I wish there were no cities, lakes, or bays,  
No rivers, mountains, islands,  
No lowlands and no highlands,  
And then more happily would pass my days.

---

## A Graduating Essay

(At the bracketed lines the speaker breaks off from a serious tone and assumes a coquettish air. At the first verse she turns her head to see her sash ; at the second feels of her shoe ; at the third examines fan ; fifth, points to glove.)

Dear Friends ! My essay is to-night  
On woman's Future Sphere—  
(I wonder how I look in white ;  
My sash feels rather queer.)

Of late years only woman threw  
Her shackles off and rose—  
(Oh, dear ! I never had a shoe  
So pinch and hurt my toes).

No longer slave to selfish man,  
She will new heights explore—  
(Suppose they recognize my fan  
I borrowed from next door.)

Her brain, once dulled, is active now ;  
 Her tongue, once stilled, can speak—  
 (Before the glass I learned my bow ;  
 It took me just one week).

Armed with her knowledge and its strength  
 She will the world o'ercome—  
 (My gloves have quite a stylish length,  
 One's bursted on the thumb).

Man will, yea, must acknowledge that  
 We women lead in all—  
 (I'm thinking if a bigger hat  
 Will be the thing next fall).

Dear Friends, adieu ! Our future sphere  
 I know will be immense—  
 (Just look at my bouquets—I fear  
 Pa'll growl at the expense). —*H. C. Dodge*

---

## Two Opinions.

By RUTH DAVENPORT.

(These are designed for companion pieces, to be spoken by a boy and a girl, who stand upon the floor at the same time. The girl can have a hoop in her hand, while the boy may be muffled up in winter clothing and be in a shivering, disgusted condition.)

### In Winter.

Right glad I am when winter comes  
 And sorry when it goes,  
 For what care I if sly Jack Frost  
 Does sometimes pinch my toes.

I'd like to go away up North,  
 The place he makes his home,  
 And then behind the reindeers swift  
 Over the snowfields roam.

The high hills' crest, the little hut,  
 All would be white and fair ;  
 And in the sunshine sparkle bright,  
 As filled with jewels rare.

I'd have no fear of ice too thin,  
 My snow-men would not melt ;  
 And wrapped in fur from head to foot  
 The cold could not be felt.



But when I've lots of fun at home,  
 Whew ! how we coast down-hill ;  
 Good skating too for many a day,  
 Old Winter, pray, long with us stay  
 Till I have had my fill.

### In Summer.

I would like best the clime  
 Where 'tis all summer time ;  
 Where birds in the branches are singing :  
 Where long, long is the day,  
 Chance enough for my play,  
 And no fear of the school-bell's ringing.

When Jack Frost is around,  
 Snow and ice on the ground,  
 It takes much too long to dress me ;  
 Coat and cap I must have,  
 Muffs and rubbers not leave,  
 For mamma wants me warm as can be.

Then after I am out  
 Fifteen minutes—about,  
 My nose and my toes they are aching,  
 Then all my play is done,  
 I can have no more fun  
 And quick my way home I am taking.

But on warm summer days,  
 Then my hoop I can chase,  
 As swift it rolls over and over ;  
 'Tis the best sport I know,  
 Fast behind that to go.  
 Then I'm happy as bees in clover.

---

## A Hymn for the Conquered.

(For a high-school recitation.)

I sing of the hymn of the conquered, who fell in the bat-  
 tle of life—  
 The hymn of the wounded, the beaten, who died over-  
 whelmed in the strife ;  
 Not the jubilant song of the victors, for whom the re-  
 sounding acclaim

Of nations was lifted in chorus, whose brows wore the  
chaplet of fame,—  
But the hymn of the low and the humble, the weary,  
the broken in heart,  
Who strove and who failed, acting bravely a silent and  
desperate part ;  
Whose youth bore no flower on its branches, whose  
hopes burned in ashes away ;  
From whose hands slipped the prize they had grasped at ;  
who stood at the dying of day  
With the work of their life all around them—unpitied,  
unheeded, alone ;  
With death swooping down o'er their failure, and all but  
their faith overthrown.  
While the voice of the world shouts its chorus, its pæan,  
for those who have won—  
While the trumpet is sounding triumphant, and high to  
the breeze and the sun  
Gay banners are waving, hands clapping, and hurrying  
feet  
Thronging after the laurel-crowned victors—I stand on  
the field of defeat,  
In the shadow, 'mongst those who are fallen and wounded  
and dying, and there  
Chant a requiem low, place my hand on their pain-  
knotted brows, breathe a prayer,  
Hold the hand that is helpless, and whisper “ They only  
the victory win  
Who have fought the good fight and have vanquished  
the demon that tempts us within ;  
Who have held to their faith unseduced by the prize  
that the world holds on high ;  
Who have dared for a high cause to suffer, resist, fight—  
if need be, to die.”  
Speak, History, who are life's victors ? Unroll the long  
annals, and say  
Are they those whom the world called the victors ? who  
won the success of a day ?  
The martyrs, or Nero ? the Spartans who fell at Ther-  
mopylæ's tryst,  
Or the Persians and Xerxes ? his judges, or Socrates ?  
Pilate or Christ ?

—*W. W. S., in “Blackwood's Magazine.”*

## The Youngest Heard From.

(For the tiniest boy in the school to recite.)

I guess you think because I am  
A tiny little fellow  
That I can't speak, or whistle, too,  
Or shout, and sing, or holler.  
Just listen now and hear me sing  
A funny little ditty,  
I'll open my mouth, and sing out loud;  
Yes, sing it real pretty.

*(Here the piano should softly start the melody of a song, which the speaker sings once through; then he calls out: "Come, boys, join in; don't let me have all the fun." Then all join in and sing once through. He then proceeds:)*



I guess you think because I am  
Such a little bit of a fellow  
That I'm not much upon a speech,  
And nothing of a speller.  
Just watch me well, for I  
Can spell just like a teacher,  
And I can gesture just as good—  
As good as any preacher.

*(Here he begins to wave his hands and say: "Let me see. I guess I'll speak that piece that's got the 'Live or die, I'm for the declaration' in it." But I don't know that very well; so I'll give you a song about the lamb. The piano starts the melody and he sings:)*

Mary had a little lamb;  
Its fleece was white as snow;

*(Then he turns to school, "Come, boys, join in the chorus." The boys all sing:)*

Shouting the battle-cry of freedom,  
"The union forever!" Hurrah, bcys! hurrah!

Down with the traitor, and up with the 'stars,  
As we rally 'round the flag boys, rally once again,  
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.

*(And continues :)*

I guess you now begin to see  
That I can make some speeches.  
I spoke about the "burning deck"  
As good as cream and peaches.  
There's one about the "bloody war"  
That pleased so much my mother,  
And now I'll stand up straight and firm  
And try to speak another:

They tell us, sir, that we are weak, and unable to cope  
with so powerful an adversary; but when shall we be  
stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year?  
Will it be when we are totally disarmed and a British  
guard placed in every house? (*A bell strikes.*) I will  
tell you more next time.

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## Under the Umbrella.

By RUTH DAVENPORT.

(The simple accessories suggested by the illustration—a flower in a pot and an umbrella—will add to the pleasure this recitation will give.)

I heard mamma say that her plant needed food  
And that at the store they kept some that was good  
But she has just gone on a visit away  
And will not be able to get it to-day.

I thought that was funny. "A plant eat like me!"  
I can't see any mouth, so how can that be?  
So then mamma told me and made it so plain  
I am sure I shall not forget it again.

I'll go ask Mr. Johnson what kind will do,  
( 'Tis raining hard, but my umbrella is new)  
And I'll carry the plant where no one goes near,  
For if sister sees me, she *will* interfere



And say "What *are* you doing? Put that right down!  
 Or I'll tell papa when he comes from town.  
 I never *did* see *such* a mischievous elf!"  
 Of course *she* was never in mischief herself!



But *this* is not mischief, 'tis to help mamma.  
 For she will be tired after going so far.  
 And when she finds I had no one to advise,  
 And found the plant's mouth, won't she be so sur-  
 prised?

## Practising Song.

(A little girl is seated at a piano in such a position as to be visible to the audience. While repeating the first line of each verse she strikes one key several times, then turns to the front and repeats the other three lines.)

Ri tum tiddy-iddy, ri tum tum!  
 Here I must sit for an hour and strum.  
 Practice is the thing for a good little girl—  
 It makes her nose straight, and it makes her hair curl.  
 Ri tum tiddy-iddy, ri tum ti!  
 Bang on the low notes and twiddle on the high.

Whether it's a jig or the "Dead March in Saul,"  
I sometimes feel as if I didn't care at all.

Ri tum tiddy-iddy, ri tum tee !  
I don't mind the whole or the half note, you see.  
It's the sixteenth and the quarter that confuse my  
mother's daughter,  
And a thirty-second really is too dreadful to be taught  
her.

Ri tum tiddy-iddy, ri tum to !  
I shall never, never learn the minor scale, I know.  
It's gloomier and awfuller than puppy dogs a-howling,  
And what is the use of practising such melancholy  
yowling?

But ri tum tidy-iddy, ri tum tum !  
Still I work away with my drum, drum, drum.  
For practising is good for a good little girl—  
It makes her nose straight, and it makes her hair curl.  
—*Laura E. Richards, in "St. Nicholas."*

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## "Boys Will Be Boys."

(Recitation for the grammar grade.)

"Boys will be boys." We resent the old saying,  
Current with men ;  
Let it be heard, in excuse for our straying,  
Never again !  
Ours is a hope that is higher and clearer,  
Ours is a purpose far brighter and dearer,  
Ours is an aim that should silence the jeerer:  
We will be men !

"Boys will be boys," is an unworthy slander.  
Boys will be men !  
The spirit of Philip, in young Alexander,  
Kindles again.  
As the years of our youth fly swiftly away,

As brightens about us the light of life's day,  
 As the glory of manhood dawns on us, we say :  
 We will be men !

When "Boys will be boys," you exclaim, with a wink,  
 (Answer us, men !)  
 How old are those "boys?" Is their age, do you think  
 Fifty or ten ?  
 It may be the boys with whom you used to go  
 Considered wild oats not unpleasant to sow ;  
 But how looks the harvest you hoped wouldn't grow,  
 Now you are men ?

"Boys will be boys?" Yes ! if boys may be pure,  
 Models for men ;  
 If their thoughts may be modest, their truthfulness sure,  
 Say it again !  
 If boys will be boys such as boys ought to be—  
 Boys full of sweet-minded, light-hearted glee—  
 Let boys *be* boys, brave, loving, and free,  
 Till they are men !  
 —*Harlan H. Ballard, in the "Outlook."*

## Playing at Housekeeping.

By RUTH DAVENPORT.

(Dress a girl in the primary class in cap and apron and let her speak the following at the closing exercise.)

How do you like this suit of mine ?  
 Susy and I think it quite fine.  
 We two are playing house, you see,  
 And I the busy maid will be.

Sue is the mother and will ride  
 With nurse and children by her side.  
 Her coach, the parlor easy-chair ;  
 Her span, two small ones that are there.

While they are gone, I'll sweep the room  
 And use my mamma's bran-new broom ;  
 Brother Tom makes fun of it all;  
 But it is better ~~than~~ base-ball.

When he came to supper last night,  
 You would think he had been in a fight—  
 A black spot where the ball had hit,  
 And he couldn't use one hand a bit.



He would think it cruel, I know,  
 If it were work that lamed him so.  
 But hark! I think the coachman rings—  
 You know we only “make-believe things.”

## Does Any One Know Him?

(The question at the end of each verse must be asked of the audience as if an answer was expected. The whole poem must be given with a swing.)

Out of the street, after ringing a bell or two,  
 Into the house, with a rush or a yell or two,  
 Kitchenward, lured by a savory smell or two—  
 Dinner inspires him with joy!



Off goes his hat, with a dexterous fling to it !  
 Off goes the cat, with a mischievous string to it ;  
 Up starts the baby, because he will sing to it—  
     Any one know such a boy ?

Upstairs and downstairs, a very cyclone is he ;  
 Deep into mischief whenever alone is he ;  
 Terror of sisters—to tease them quite prone is he ;  
     Doing his best to annoy.  
 Grandmother shudders—with shouts he will frighten her,  
 Though quite as often his fond kisses brighten her ;  
 Then, by sweet coaxing, of goodies he'll lighten her—  
     Any one know such a boy ?

Wild with his comrades as any Comanche is ;  
 Rough as a steer on a far Western ranch he is ;  
 Surely of mischief the root and the branch he is ;  
     Yet there's pure gold in alloy.  
 Tender and true at the heart's core, though small he is ,  
 Brave and chivalric, whatever befall, he is ;  
 Mothe' s own torment and blessing through all he is—  
     Any one know such a boy ?—*George Cooper.*

---

## Making Believe.

By ALICE M. KELLOGG.

(An older pupil stands behind a screen that is placed at one side of the platform. She places the skirt, shawl, and bonnet on the child who is reciting.)

Let's play that we are ladies, and I will come to call,  
 But first I must get mother's skirt and bonnet, muff and  
     shawl.

(*Steps behind the screen. Then returning, continues :*)  
 I'll play this paper is my card.

(*Picks up a slip of paper.*)

And now I'll ring the bell.  
 Oh, Mrs. Brown ! How do you do ?  
 I hope you're very well !

Now, Elsie, ask if I'll take tea.  
 It's late, so hurry up.  
 I like mine without sugar, please.  
 This is a pretty cup.

I hope your Daisy's pretty well.—  
 Pretend it's time to go.  
 Dear Mrs. Brown, come soon and call;  
 It isn't far, you know!

## Home Study.

By RUTH DAVENPORT.

(Arrange a chair, table, and lamp as shown in the illustration. The soliloquy is to be read from the book, and the reader must imagine her family to be in an adjoining room. A draw curtain will be useful for this occasion.)



Oh, dear! four pages of history to recite in *our own words*! I told Miss Blakemore that I *could not* get such a lesson, and she only said: "Well, you must give at least two hours' faithful study to it." It is eight o'clock now, and that will make it ten before I can stop studying, and I ought to go to bed *early*. It was twelve o'clock last night when we got home from the party, and I mean to coax papa to

take me to the opera to-morrow night. This studying evenings *tires me to death*. "Why didn't I begin to study *earlier*?" How *could* I? That's all you boys know about things. I had to stay after school for some examples, and after supper I had to go in to see Mamie's new hat. Her cousin was there who has just arrived from abroad, and she was *so* interesting. She has been all over Europe, and she told us all about the fashions, and what are the very latest styles. *Yes, I am going to study. (Repeats aloud.)* "Events of 1753.—At the time of the breaking out of the war, there was in existence"—mamma, can't I have a blue suit trimmed with silver fox fur? It would be just too lovely for anything.—*I am studying.* "There was in existence an organization, known as the Ohio Company, which had obtained from the king of England a grant of land on and near the Ohio River, for the purpose of carrying on the fur trade with the Indians"—Frank, won't you take me skating with you next Friday night? That's a good brother. You know mamma won't let me go in the evening without you. It will be *perfectly lovely* on the pond by moonlight, and *lots* of the girls are going. Say, mayn't I go with you? "You'll tell me after I learn my lesson." Obliging, upon my word!—"fur trade with the Indians, and of settling the county. The French having seized three British traders, and also built forts"—oh, dear! I can't remember anything to-night. I'd like to know the use of such stupid stuff, anyway. What the French and Indians did doesn't concern *me*. Lucy, won't you lend me your new fan to-morrow night? Mamie's cousin brought her one from Paris, and it is just *elegant*. Oh, please, mamma, don't shut the door! *I can't* study if I am shut up here all by myself. I won't talk any more. (*Studies quietly, but with frequent glances at the clock.*) There, it is ten o'clock, and my time is up. My head aches *awfully*, and I am just *too* tired for anything. Mamma, can't Frank and I have just one game of

checkers? "Time to go to bed." That's what I always hear when I want a little fun. It's nothing but *work, work, dig, dig*, from morning till night, and then half the night. It is *perfectly horrid!*

---

## Good-bye to Lessons.

(TUNE: "Good-bye to Summer.")

Good-bye, good-bye to lessons,  
For the year is nearly done,  
For the year is nearly done.  
We've worked and watched and waited,  
Vacation is begun.  
Our books and slates are resting,  
The blackboard's very neat,  
And now our work is finished,  
Vacation will be sweet.

Our friends are gathered with us  
To keep the happy day,  
To keep the happy day.  
We welcome them with gladness  
To join our merry lay.  
We'll do our best to please them  
With speeches and with song,  
And promise, for their patience,  
Not to keep them very long.

---

## Vacation Song.

(TUNE: "Work for the Night is Coming.")

Now is our labor ended,  
Welcome vacation's joys;  
All hearts are filled with gladness,  
Happy girls and boys.  
Sing till the walls re-echo,  
Sing with a right good cheer,  
Sing that we all are merry,  
For vacation's here.



Work has been hard and earnest  
 Playtime will be most sweet,  
 With bluest skys above us,  
     Flowers at our feet !  
 Sing till the walls re-echo,  
 Sing with a right good cheer,  
 Sing that we all are merry,  
     For vacation's here.

Now may vacation give us  
 Happiness, strength, and health;  
 These are the best of blessings,  
     These are truly wealth.  
 Sing till the walls re-echo,  
 Sing with a right good cheer,  
 Sing that we all are merry,  
     For vacation's here.

---

## Graduates' Song.

By JOHN R. DENNIS.

(Air : " Auld Lang Syne.")

And now the parting hour has come—  
 To-day will be the last—  
 To our dear school we bid adieu  
 Where happiest days have passed.

*Chorus* : Of old times here, my friends,  
     Of old times here,  
 We'll think with joy in future years  
     Of old times here.

We're bound to leave our teachers kind,  
 And schoolmates tried and true—  
 We'll keep in memory each and all,  
 And oft the past review.

*Chorus* : Of old times here, my friends.

Thanks for the lessons gathered here,  
 Improving heart and mind ;  
 All those who 've sought for wisdom's ways  
 A true reward shall find.

*Chorus* : Of old times here, my friends.

Oh, comrades, some afar will roam,  
And tired the feet become,  
Yet oft the thought of old times here  
Will chase away the gloom.

*Chorus* : Of old times here, my friends  
Of old times here,  
We'll think with joy in future years  
Of old times here.

---

## Approach of Vacation.

By LETTIE E. STERLING.

(Let the primary children sing this to the tune of "Lightly Row.")

Roses bloom:  
Their perfume  
Says, "'Tis almost here."  
Bees now hum,  
"Soon 'twill come."  
Let us give a cheer.

As winds pass,  
Blades of grass,  
Daisies, buttercups  
Gracefully  
Nod, "Ho-he!  
Soon with us it sups."

Days grow warm:  
Here's a swarm  
Of tormenting flies.  
Each fly does  
Buzz, buzz, buzz,  
"Very near it lies."

Each new day  
Seems to say,  
"Nearer it is brought,"  
And the star,  
Up so far,  
Twinkles, "It's 'most caught."

Can't you guess  
 Why we dress  
 Thoughts in words of cheer?  
 'Tis 'cause we  
 Plainly see  
 That vacation's near.

When that comes,  
 All the sums,  
 Compositions, maps,  
 Binding rules,  
 Hardest stools,  
 Fall in fairies' laps.

Studies do  
 For a few  
 Months when earth's not gay;  
 From them free  
 We would be,  
 If too long they stay.

Soon, all day  
 We can play,  
 Run and shout and go;  
 When our fun  
 Has begun,  
 Happy health we'll know.

---

## Work and Win.

(An exercise for ten pupils. An arch may be marked on the wall of the school-room, and tacks put in at proper place, so that the letters may be hung upon them. The letters may be made of pasteboard, of some color to contrast with the wall. As the first pupil recites his selection, he steps forward and hangs his letter "W" at the left hand, the second pupil following, etc., till the motto is completed.)

W—hatever is worth doing is worth doing well.

O—mission to do what is necessary  
 Seals a commission to a blank of danger.

R—est is not quitting the busy career,  
 Rest is the fitting of self to one's sphere.

K—nowledge is power.

A—ttempt the end, and never stand in doubt.  
 N—othing so hard but search will find it out.  
 D—o the duty that lies nearest to you; thy next duty  
     will already have become clearer.  
 W—ork is its own best earthly meed.  
 I—n every rank, or great or small,  
 'Tis industry supports us all.  
 N—ever an idle moment.

---

## Van Amburgh's Menagerie.

(This can be made very enjoyable for a large audience. The elephant can be made up with a board laid on the backs of two boys; his trunk is a roll of cloth tacked to the board; his tusks are two boughs from which the bark is freshly peeled. The cages may be as numerous as there is room. Each is made like a picket gate, using lath for the slats; each animal marches in, bringing his cage with him, keeping the slats towards the audience; a wire should be stretched across from side to side, to hang the cages on or to lean them against.

First, a boy comes in and tacks up a show bill, "Great Show." It has pictures on it. Next some small boys come in and spy the poster and dance around and show signs of joy. Then music is heard, and they rush out and the show comes in, the elephant at the head; the showman is the central figure; he must be rigged out in as showy a uniform as can be devised. Several boys accompany the show and stand around and are turned out. "Go and get your tickets." The show is planted, the curtains drawn aside from the cages.

The band is composed of boys who have whistles, mouth-organs, etc. They precede the procession; when all is ready they stand on one side and play when the showman commands. They should learn some tunes like "Yankee Doodle," etc. The show being ready the crowd is let in; all sorts of odd dresses being worn. If possible the crowd march off or around and come in again with other hats, etc. Unless there is an effort there will be noise and confusion rather than a show; the animals will howl as they are punched; this must be done only as a setting-off of the show. The interest to the audience is the actions of the crowd, its wonder, its remarks, its behavior; there must be gesticulation and all the acts of a real show. The showman must be good-natured and bright, and keep his crowd amused. Only the skeleton of his remarks are given; this may be filled out as time will allow and the speaker be able.

When the show is over the procession is formed and all march out, the band last playing.)

### SCENE FIRST.

Band marching in, followed by elephant and showman. "Now, boys, you must all clear out; this is the place for the show; go and get your tickets." Boys go out talking and gesturing. "I'm going to be there," etc. Band stops playing and cages are arranged. The showman addresses attendants. "Feed the elephant some hay; give the lion five pounds of beef; don't give the wolf anything—he howls better



when he is hungry. Look out about the boys putting peanuts in the elephant's mouth—it makes him mad and he may break things. John, you may take tickets to-day ; look out that you don't get any poor quarters this time. Don't let in any woman with a baby in her arms."

## SCENE SECOND.

The showman stands waiting ; he has a rod in his hand for pointing, etc.

Noise is heard outside. "Let me in, mister," etc., etc. "Open the doors, John." Motions to band to play. The crowd come pouring in ; queer bonnets, hats, shawls, one woman with a baby under shawl gets past. Stops the band.

"Now then, ladies and gentlemen, this is the greatest show on earth ; these animals have been brought from all parts of the earth. See the noble elephant with tusks of pure ivory worth thousands of dollars. Boys, keep away from that monkey's cage ; he won't bear fooling with. That elephant is one of the largest in the world." "I will now walk him around." Motions to band and a circuit is made.

"The most curious animal here is this polar bear ; he likes nothing so much as to lie on a cake of ice." "I say, mister, mister, the monkey's got my cap." The crowd presses around the monkey's cage. "Here, Jumbo, none of that, sir ; take that cap off your head this instant and give it back to the gentleman. There, sir, it's only torn a little, but you can easily get your sweetheart—I guess you've got one.—Oh, I see, right here, hey?—that's she beside you ; you have made a good selection, sir.

"That monkey is a truly wonderful animal : he was caught on the Amazon River ; he can sing a little. Sing, Jumbo." A queer noise heard ; crowd laugh. "Well, he hasn't the voice of a Jenny Lind, but he is the only monkey in the world that can sing.

"Now, boys, keep away from the elephant ; he will hit you with one of those tusks and you will yell." Yell heard—confusion around the elephant ; showman hurries there. "That's what I was afraid of ; stand

back; he ain't much hurt." The crowd marches around gesticulating, eating apples and peanuts. Now and then a howl is heard from the animals.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, the show is about to close. I thank you for your liberal patronage, and bid you good-night. March out by rear door." Picks up bundle. "Here, some woman has left her baby—it's a



wonder the wild-cat didn't reach through and get it." Woman rushes forward and seizes bundle. "Be more careful next time, madam." Attendants push the crowd out, then the band begins to play; the animals pick up cages and march out; the elephant goes last; then the band, and last the showman, making elegant bows to the audience.

# The Arch of Success.

By C. M. HARGER.

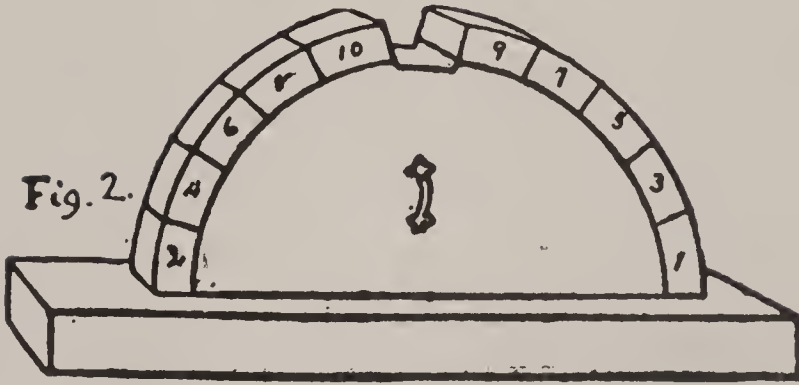
(MATERIALS: These can be furnished by any carpenter at a trifling cost. They are (1) An oblong box, four feet  $\times$  eight inches  $\times$  eight inches; (2) An arch, three feet from base to base, four inches thick and six inches in radial width, sawn into eleven segments, the center one being larger than the others, and in the shape of a keystone. There should also be a light, semicircular support made to exactly fit under the arch and support the blocks, but be provided with a handle on the back side so as to be easily removed. The blocks or segments, and the oblong box should be covered with white paper and lettered plainly across their face, as indicated below.

A stand having been drawn to the front of the stage, the first pupil, a young man, steps forward with the base (the oblong box) and places it thereon as the base of the arch. It is lettered.)

CHARACTER: "The arch of success must be based, as all true success must be, on character. Character is an attribute of the soul; it is inherent, not manufactured. Reputation may be the result of intention; character must be the result of aspiration. Reputation is what men think we are; character is what God knows we are. Reputation is an outer view from the world around; character is an inner view from our own hearts. There may be an undesirable reputation and a good character, but success is sure to follow. When, however, there is a good reputation with only a bad character to sustain it, there can be no true success in this world nor in the world to come. Lay the foundations of life broad and deep, in noble, upright, Christian character. It is only thus that the superstructure can be built firmly, strongly, lastingly." —Adapted.



(Having laid the foundation, the support for the segments of the arch is now placed in position, and the appearance will be as in Fig 1. The blocks are now laid; girls placing those up on the right and boys those on the left. After placing the block, the recitation is given. Should it be desired to make the exercise longer the arch may be made larger and more space may be given to recitations, which can easily be found, as the subjects are general and common ones. The number opposite the parts correspond with those in Figure 2.)



# I. CHEERFULNESS.

There is a little maiden—  
 Who is she? Do you know?—  
 Who always has a welcome  
 Wherever she may go.

Her face is like the May-time,  
 Her voice is like a bird's ;  
 The sweetest of all music  
 Is in her joyful words.

The loveliest of blossoms  
 Spring where her light foot treads ;  
 And most delicious odors  
 She all around her sheds ;

The breath of purple clover  
 Upon the breezy hills ;  
 The smell of garden roses,  
 And yellow daffodils.

Each spot she makes the brighter  
 As if she were the sun ;  
 And she is sought and cherished,  
 And loved by every one.

By old folks and by children,  
 By lofty and by low ;  
 Who is this little maiden?  
 Does anybody know?

You surely must have met her—  
 You certainly can guess :  
 What ! must I introduce her?  
 Her name is CHEERFULNESS.

—*Marion Douglass*



## 2. INDUSTRY.

Industry is a substitute for genius. When one or more faculties exist in the highest state of development, as music in Beethoven, invention in Fulton, or poetry in Milton, we call their possessor a genius. But a genius is usually understood as a creature of such rare facility of mind that he can do anything without labor. According to the popular notion, he learns without study, and knows without learning. While ordinary men toil for knowledge, a genius is supposed to receive it as the mind receives a dream. His mind is a vast cathedral through whose colored windows the sunlight of knowledge streams, painting the aisles with varied colors and brilliant pictures. Such minds *may* exist ; but so far as my observations go, their possessors are noted for their utter indolence, long hair, for being very conceited, very disagreeable, very affected, and very useless—beings which no man wants for friend, pupil, or companion.

—*Adapted from Beecher.*

## 3. FAITH.

Don't be sorrowful, darling,  
Now don't be sorrowful, pray,  
For taking the year together  
There isn't more night than day ;  
The rain may beat the windows ;  
Time's wheels may heavily run ;  
But taking the year together,  
There isn't more cloud than sun.

We'll all grow old, companions,  
Our hair will turn to gray ;  
But taking the years together  
You always will find the May.  
We'll have our May, companions ;  
Life's roses are sure to blow ;  
Though drifting clouds may now abound,  
And long, dark nights and snow.

But Faith is true, my faithful,  
In night as well as day ;  
And the true heart knows that it can go  
Where'er Faith leads the way.

There's a God of the night, my faithful,  
 Of night as well as of day ;  
 And the gale of Death, with chilling breath,  
 Leads up to the heavenly way.

—*Adapted from Peale.*

#### 4. SINCERITY.

Sincerity, I think, is better than grace. A false man cannot build a brick house. If he do not know and follow *truly* the properties of mortar, burnt clay, and what else he works in, it is no house that he makes, but a rubbish heap. Of the great man especially I will venture to assert that it is incredible that he should have been other than true. No Mirabeau, Cromwell, Burns, Napoleon, no man adequate to do anything, but is first of all in right earnest about it—what I call a sincere man. I should say *sincerity*, a deep, great, genuine sincerity, is the first characteristic of all men in any way heroic.—*Carlyle.*

#### 5. HOPE.

In hope the king doth go to war;  
 In hope the lover lives full long;  
 In hope the merchant sails full far;  
 In hope just men do suffer wrong.  
 In hope the ploughman sows his seed;  
 Thus hope helps thousands in their need;  
 Then faint not, heart, among the rest,  
 Whatever chance, hope thou the best.  
 Hope through the darkest night, for soon  
 Thine eyes shall see the coming dawn;  
 Hope at the flood-tide of the noon,  
 That shadows linger on the lawn.  
 Faint not, faint not, all danger breast;  
 Whatever chance, hope thou the best.

#### 6. COURAGE.

Be bold, be firm. When you shall say, "As others do, so do I," then dies the man in you. Then perish the buds of art, of poetry, and of science, as they have died already in a thousand thousand men. The hour of that choice is the crisis of your history; see that

you hold yourself fast. Explore, explore, explore. Make yourself necessary to the world and mankind will give you bread.—*Emerson.*

Write on your doors this saying, wise and old :  
 “Be bold! be bold!” and everywhere, “Be bold!  
 Be not too bold!” Yet better the excess  
 Than the defect. Better the more than less;  
 Better like Hector on the field to die,  
 Than like the perfumed Paris turn and fly.

—*Longfellow.*

#### 7. VIRTUE.

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,  
 The bridal of the earth and sky,  
 The dew shall wrap thy fall to-night,  
 For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave,  
 Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,  
 Thy root is ever in its grave,  
 And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,  
 A box where sweets compacted lie,  
 My music shows you have your closes,  
 And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,  
 Like seasoned timber never gives;  
 But though the whole world turns to coal,  
 Then chiefly lives. —*George Herbert.*

#### 8. PERSEVERANCE.

A swallow in the spring  
 Came to our granary, and 'neath the eaves  
 Essayed to make a nest, and there did bring  
 Wet earth and straw and leaves.

Day after day she toiled  
 With patient art; but ere her work was crowned,  
 Some sad mishap the tiny fabric spoiled,  
 And dashed it to the ground.

She found the ruin wrought,  
 But, not cast down, forth from the place she flew,  
 And with her mate fresh earth and grasses brought  
 And built her nest anew.

And scarcely had she placed  
 The last soft feather on its ample floor,  
 When wicked hand, or chance, again laid waste  
 And wrought the ruin o'er.

But still her heart she kept,  
 And toiled again,—and last night, hearing calls,  
 I looked,—and lo ! three little swallows slept  
 Within the earth-made walls.

What truth is here, O man !

Hath hope been smitten in its early dawn ?

Have clouds o'ercast thy purpose, trust, or plan ?

Have faith and struggle on ! —*R. S. S. Andros.*

#### 9. CHARITY.

“Faith, Hope, and Charity, these three ; but the greatest of these is charity.”

A young rose blossomed on the lawn, and stars shone, and dewdrops sparkled upon its bosom. Morning came ; with dancing breezes whispered to the rose, and it awoke joyous and smiling, swinging lightly to and fro on its slender stem. Then came the ardent sun-god sweeping from the east, and smote the rose with its scorching rays, and it fainted. Now the gentle breeze came tripping along on her errand of mercy and love ; and when she fondly bathed its head in cool, refreshing showers, the young rose revived, and looked smiling with gratitude to heaven, blessing the breeze ; but she hurried away singing through the trees. Thus charity, like the breeze, gathers fragrance from the drooping flowers it refreshes and unconsciously reaps a reward in the performance of its office of kindness, which steals on the heart, like rich perfume, to bless and to cheer.

—*Adapted from Mrs. Winton.*

#### 10. AIM.

In the tempest of life, when the wave and the gale  
 Are around and above, if thy footing should fail,  
 If thine eye should grow dim and thy caution depart,  
 Have an aim to pursue with an unwearied heart.

Should the visions which hope spread in light to thine  
 eye,  
 Like the tints of the rainbow, but brighten to fly ;



Then turn and through tears of repentant regret,  
Aim high toward the sun that is never to set.

If the friend who embraced in prosperity's glow,  
With a smile for each joy and a tear for each woe,  
Should betray thee when sorrows like clouds are  
arrayed,

Look aloft to the friendship which never shall fade.

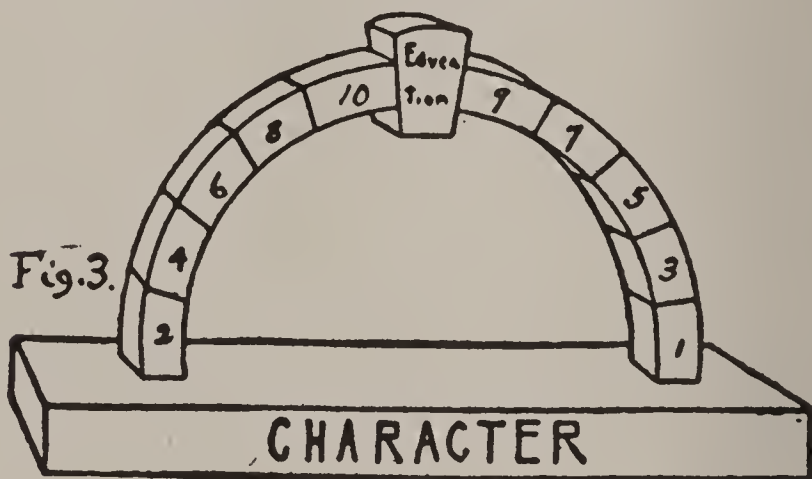
—Adapted.

(The ten blocks having been laid and the arch being now ready for the keystone, let the superintendent or some prominent person make a few remarks regarding the importance of the keystone in masonry; how the arch is dependent upon it for stability, and but for it would fall in ruins. The arch will now present the appearance of Fig. 2.

The keystone is EDUCATION. It should be placed by a young man who should have an original oration, five minutes in length, upon the importance of education—how with all the other qualifications no true success can be attained without it, etc., etc.

It will add to the impressiveness if, in placing the keystone, a small mallet or gavel be used, and the block be driven into place by light but firm strokes. If the arch has been properly constructed this can easily be done. Then the support is to be removed, and the arch will stand alone presenting the appearance of Fig. 3.)

Singing: "Sowing the Seed."



## The Raving Crazy Quilt.

By ALICE PERRY.

(To make this shadow pantomime, a wet sheet should be tacked firmly across the opening made by folding doors, or over a light wooden frame made for the purpose. The latter is best adapted to a stage. Behind it a light should be placed in the proper position to throw the shadows plainly upon the screen, and all other lights should be extinguished. The actors should be careful always to present a profile view to the audience, and avoid touching the sheet while performing. A person should be stationed out of sight to read the verses, and pause at stated intervals.)

*Reads:*

"In a village beginning and ending with E,  
There lived ancient spinsters just forty and three;

That was their number, and that was their age,  
They all took Scotch snuff, and drank catnip and sage.

(Seven girls, dressed alike in limp gowns and large sun-bonnets, pass behind screen one after another, taking snuff and drinking tea alternately. They pass behind the light, and cross back of screen again, six times, being joined the last time by an eighth girl, similarly attired, thus giving the effect of an unbroken line of forty-three.)

*Reads :*

“What one did, the others were crazy to do,  
And so just as soon as Miss Patience Sykes knew  
Prudence Pratt was piecing a crazy bed-spread,  
The same kind of mania got into *her* head.

“The rest of them caught it, and crazy became,  
All piecing bed-quilts exactly the same,  
When one met another, both eagerly said :  
‘*Won’t* you give me some pieces to put in my spread?’”

(Two spinsters rush in from each side of screen, each bearing at arm’s length a large table-cloth. They embrace energetically in centre of screen, and rush off in opposite directions.)

*Reads :*

“Miss Prudence Pratt, and Miss Patience Sykes,  
Were precisely alike in their likes and dislikes,  
On twin cane-seat rockers each fine afternoon  
They rocked, and they pieced, and they gossiped in  
tune.”

(Two spinsters enter from opposite sides of screen, each dragging a rocking chair after her. They seat themselves; rock violently, sew perpendicularly into the air, with very large needle, and long thread; now and then darting faces forward till their noses touch, each with one hand—the fingers widespread—covering the side of the mouth next the screen, as though gossiping. They remove chairs at the end of the scene in the same manner of bringing them on.)

*Reads :*

“Young Samuel Spry, a kind neighbor’s son,  
Was easily hired on their errands to run;  
A big bushel basket he carried for each,  
And begged patchwork pieces from all within reach  
Then, returning with joy, he would enter their door,  
Drop his load at their feet and run off for more.”

(Enter small boy, bearing two large bushels suspended by means of a string over the shoulder next the screen, one hanging in front of him, the other behind; he empties them one after the other at the two spinsters’ feet, and runs off in the opposite direction, one of the baskets upside down upon his head, the other in his hand.)

*Reads :*

“Old Timothy Trotter, ’tis sad to relate,  
Each spinster considered her fore-ordained fate.

The only old bachelor there was in the town,  
He received all the smiles, and nary a frown.

"He carried a cane,—doffed ancient silk hats,  
And sported the gayest of plaid silk cravats.  
So great was the length of the kerchiefs he wore,  
The ends of them always were dragging the floor."

(Enter old gentleman, with cane, tall beaver hat, long coat tails, and long stiff scarf tied about his neck, the ends touching the floor. He stoops forward as though bent with age, in order that the cravat ends may be plainly visible, trots across the stage with an ambling gait, and disappears.)

*Reads :*

"'Oh, dear Mr. Trotter!' each spinster would cry,  
When she espied Timothy trotting near by,  
'Won't you give me a piece of your pretty cravat?  
Here's a place I have saved *just on purpose for that!*'"

"Poor Timothy!—nothing then left him to do,  
But to pull out his jack-knife and cut it in two.  
'I soon shall be ruined,' in rage he would say,  
'At the rate I am buying a neck-tie a day.'"

(Enter Timothy in same manner as before. Spinster appears from opposite side of screen, and stretches out both hands, palms outward, in supplicating attitude. Timothy pauses, plucks up one cravat end, holds it at arm's length, draws out carving knife, holds it high in air, brings it down upon cravat end, tosses the end to spinster, who catches it with both hands and presses it to her bosom, and goes off the stage in one direction, while spinster departs in the other. As soon as she disappears from sight, Timothy reappears on the same side that he went off, shakes his fist violently in the direction the spinsters departed,—pulls out carving knife and makes imaginary stabs into the air, and retreats backwards, shaking his cane menacingly till he disappears from view. Spinster then reappears on opposite side, waves cravat end,—and retreats slowly backward, kissing her hand in the direction he has taken.)

*Reads :*

"Miss Patience Sykes and Miss Prudence Pratt  
Had entreated in vain for a piece of cravat,  
And dire vengeance vowed on Timothy's head,  
If he gave to aught else that for which they had pled.

(Timothy crosses stage, cane tucked under his arm, both cravat ends grasped in one hand, held far in front of him. As he disappears from view, two spinsters appear from the same side and advance to centre of screen, one holding a broom in a threatening attitude; the other follows at a short distance with a tea-kettle held high, as though in the act of pouring. They retreat slowly backwards in the direction from which they have come.)

*Reads :*

"Miss Caroline Crabtree, a spinster was she,  
The finest and fairest of all forty-three;  
She minced down the street in stylish array,  
And Miss Patience's cottage she passed on the way.



"O thrice luckless Timothy! what should she bear  
But a scarf e'en more gorgeous than those you do  
wear.

A sly damsel she, but rash for her years,  
She bought it to set the old maids by the ears."

(Enter spinster, fearfully and fashionably arrayed, in tall crowned hat, huge bustle, etc. She minces slowly across the stage,—her hands drooped far in front of her in kangaroo fashion,—the one next the screen holding a long scarf—and disappears from view.)

*Reads:*

"Poor, poor Mr. Trotter! on him they descended  
As home he was hying, his day's labors ended;  
Patience seized this end, and Prudence seized that,  
And both pulled away on his new plaid cravat.

"It parted,—and each with a fragment held tight,  
Thrice turned a gay somersault easy and light,  
While Timothy, fleeing, not once looked behind,  
But rushed swiftly home on the wings of the wind."

(Enter Timothy, advances towards centre of screen. Two spinsters rush in from opposite sides,—each seize a cravat end (which should be loosely sewn together in the middle), and leaning backwards, apparently pull with all their might. It parts, they both fall backward to the floor, and Timothy rushes from sight in the opposite direction from which he entered. Exit spinsters waving cravat ends triumphantly.)

*Reads:*

"‘This makes forty-two,’ he said to himself,  
As he took a big band-box from off of the shelf,  
‘And here is one left, my only cravat,  
I declare! I’ll be hanged if they shall have that.’"

(Enter Timothy running. Wipes face with handkerchief, goes to table (which should be pushed in immediately after his last exit), takes down large band-box, takes off cover, and looks inside. Draws out cravat similar to others, holds it at arm's length, and pantomime wrath and despair.)

*Reads:*

"And Timothy, proving his words to be true,  
Tied in a slip noose, and put his head thro’;  
Sprang on to the table and made the knot fast;  
And found himself free from his troubles at last."

(Timothy ties cravat in a slip noose, mounts table, fastens scarf apparently to the ceiling, taking care to have it of the proper length to be comfortably loose, and at the same time to appear as if tightly drawn,—springs off the table sidewise, on the side next the sheet, and assumes posture as nearly as may be of a hanging person. Head droops forward, beaver falls off, hands hang in a lifeless way at sides. Knees incline slightly outward, and the personator should rest as much as possible on the tips of his toes. Two large boys, to represent men, enter from opposite sides, raise their hands, start back, and pantomimes alarm. One of them advances, takes carving knife from table and severs cravat, when the body falls to the floor.)



*Reads:*

" But sad to narrate, when the fatal cravat  
Was severed once more with the same jack-knife that  
Had severed the rest,—it was stolen away,  
And the *forty-third counterpane* decks to this day."

(Enter spinster in sun-bonnet, etc., on tiptoe, unobserved by men who are stooping over Timothy's body, one at each end, holding a demijohn upside down to his mouth. She steals slyly along, grasps cravat end hanging from ceiling, and runs out waving it, on the same side that she came in. The men put down the demijohn, shake their heads slowly. One of them takes Timothy by the head, the other by the heels, and march out. A fiddle behind the scenes strikes up the tune " John Brown " as the men carry the body out. Enter spinsters dressed as in scene I, holding large handkerchiefs to eyes, heads bowed, and slowly marching to the music. They should continue to cross the stage as in scene I, till all forty-three have passed, keeping slow time to music.)

(Light is extinguished, or curtain falls.)

NOTE I.—All costumes should be planned to appear grotesque as possible, in shadow.

NOTE II.—Any funny bit of stage business adding to the effectiveness of the scenes, should be introduced.

NOTE III.—All non performers playing the part of assistants should be careful always to keep behind the light.

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## The Nations.

By E. M. KINGSLEY.

(The following tableaux can be easily represented in the school-room. A curtain of some opaque material (dark red canton flannel is suitable) is necessary. One may be made by the older girls after school hours. If the tableaux are given in the evening, the room must be darkened excepting where the performers stand. This part is best illuminated by footlights, or a substitute for them, depending, of course, upon the appliances it is possible to obtain.

### NO. I. JAPAN.

This country is pictured by a Japanese girl seated upon a rug, her feet crossed under her, a low table at one side (box a foot in height covered with cloth) with tea-things upon it. She is bending forward slightly, with the tea-pot in her hand. A background may be made by joining screens and a clothes-horse, and throwing draperies over them. Japanese fans and lanterns may be hung around.

A costume of Japanese cotton can be bought in the large towns, or one could be made after a pattern. If the latter is done, use a dark-blue gingham, with a petticoat, neckerchief, and sash of turkey red. The hair should be combed back tightly from the forehead, and gathered high on the head. Long woolen knitting needles could be run through the hair for ornaments.

## NO. II. RUSSIA.

An old-fashioned child's sleigh, with runners turned up in front and a rod for pushing at the back, can be introduced in this picture. Place a child on the seat, and lay a fur rug over her feet. She should be dressed in hood, mittens, muff, and jacket. A boy stands at the back of the sleigh in skating costume—skates, fur cap, and gloves, with a foot raised as if in motion. Bits of cotton should be distributed over his coat, and white cotton sheets laid upon the floor. For a background use branches of evergreen.

## NO. III. SPAIN.

A very good castle can be represented with gray cambric. Sew the lengths together, and then paint outlines of stones irregularly with white oil paint. Cut out a window (four feet square) on three sides only, leaving the other at the right or left to swing open; fasten it with strings in the right position. Behind this window (mounted on a step-ladder) appears the face and shoulders of a Spanish maiden. She wears a black lace scarf over her hair, bracelets, necklace, and red silk waist. Below her, outside the window, stands a boy in troubadour costume (a variation of the bicycle costume), knee trousers, low shoes with rosettes, loose shirt, red sash, and velvet cap. A guitar or banjo is hung over his shoulder by a bright-colored ribbon.

## NO. IV. FRANCE.

Any one who has read Miss Howard's "Gwenn" can get up a vivid picture of the fishing people in Brittany. Two or three boys may take the parts of the fishers, and wear rough out-door suits, caps, and heavy shoes. They stand together pulling in their nets (tennis nets) and back of them are the girls in the dress of Breton women—short, plain skirts, wooden shoes (slippers covered with brown paper to imitate the pointed wooden shoes) white caps with flaring ends over the ears,—with baskets on their arms.

Use light blue lining cambric for a sky at the back, and paint white clouds upon it. An old row-boat, oars, and fishing materials add greatly to this scene.

## NO. V. GERMANY.

A group of musicians gives the idea of the love of music in Germany. If there is a piano, or organ, seat a girl dressed in a quaint costume at that—hair braided down her back, white waist with velvet bodice, full white sleeves, dark skirt. A boy with a violin and music-rack should be at one side. Any other instruments—flute, cornet, 'cello—would be an addition. A German flag and pictures of Beethoven and Mozart should decorate the walls.

## NO. VI. INDIAN.

Make a wigwam with three poles twelve feet long, fastened at the top with nails. Throw around it fur rugs. A girl dressed like an Indian squaw sits at the side shelling corn. Her costume could be made of dark cotton material, with tinsel added, feathers in her hair, etc. Back of her stands a boy in leather coat and knee trousers, stringing a bow. Hang up rugs having the head of some animal upon them, deer horns, and stuffed birds, as typical of the life of the hunter.

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The Picnic.

By MAY FLOYD.

(Scene.—A sitting-room in which a little girl, Allie, is waiting for the party of children.) (*Enter two boys and two girls.*)

*Allie.*—Well, I am glad you have come at last. I have waited for you a whole hour. What made you so late?

*Nettie.*—Why, this is the time we promised to be here, half-past nine.

*Allie.*—Your clock must be very slow. It struck ten just five minutes ago.

*Ralph.*—I was hunting my fishing-rod.

*Archie.*—Well we are here now; can't we start?

*Mary.*—Oh, no, we must wait for Robert.

*Archie.*—All right, then. We will sit down. I am not much in a hurry to go to a picnic in an old weedy wood.

*Allie.*—I am; I want to find some wild flowers.

*Mary.*—So do I. I love the blue violets and yellow buttercups.

*Archie.*—Oh, you do. Did you ever love yellow violets and blue buttercups, Mary?



*Mary.*—Yes, I did.

*All.*—O, ho, Mary. Yellow violets and blue buttercups!

*Mary.*—I never saw blue buttercups, but I have seen yellow violets. (*They all laugh.*) I am sure I have gathered yellow Jonnie-jump-ups, and I will prove it to you to-day.

*Archie.*—What will you do if you see a snake come cr-ee-ping—cree-ping at you in the grass (*girls all scream*) when you are gathering your yellow Jonnie-jump-ups?

*Nettie.*—We will stay away from the tall grass. I think it is fun to make play-houses out of moss and sticks.

*Allie.*—Oh, yes, right in under a great oak tree.

*Nettie.*—Yes, underneath the dearest, greatest, darkest, shadiest old tree. When you look up you can't see clouds, nor sky, nor sun. (*Appropriate gestures.*)

*Ralph.*—And you play you are living away off alone like Robinson Crusoe.

*Allie and Nettie.*—O, yes, it is such fun.

*Archie (in gruff voice).*—Way off in the dark woods, with no one near, among the wild beasts of the forest.

*Allie.*—Oh, hush, you make me shiver.

*Nettie.*—Now you are going to say something horrid; I know you are.

*Archie (same voice).*—Under an old dark tree, where you can see neither clouds, nor sky, nor sun. Suddenly you hear gr-r-r. (*Some one growls outside door. Girls scream and run away from door. Enter Robert.*)

*Girls.*—Oh, it is only Robert.

*Allie.*—What made you frighten us so?

*Robert.*—I heard a bear growling in here and as I knew this was not his house I feared he would feel lonesome unless he thought another bear was near.

*Nettie.*—He has not appeared lonesome.

*Archie.*—Not at all, Nettie. But, boys, as these girls like so well to play "Robinson Crusoe," I propose to leave them one at a time along the road to the picnic, for they can only play the game alone.

*Nettie.*—We won't go at all now.

*Robert.*—Weil I am sorry, for the wagon is ready at the door.



*Mary (drawing the girls aside).*—We will go, girls, and we will think all the way to get some jokes on them.

*Allie.*—We can't frighten them, but we can put salt in the cold tea and let them have it all to themselves.

*Nettie.*—We can slyly put all the fish back in the river when they——

*Mary.*—Be careful, Nettie, wait till *they catch* something.

*Robert.*—All aboard for the picnic.

*Girls.*—We come! We come! (Exit.)

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## Scenes from “Hiawatha.”

The following suggestions for portraying half a dozen scenes from Longfellow's picturesque poem are given only in very brief outline; the idea being brought to the teacher's attention, it depends upon the resources of the place how and where to develop and amplify. Almost every school, however, could have the loan of costumes and articles needed to complete the effectiveness of the tableaux. In the West, there are many homes that can contribute Indian relics, armor, and dresses for a school performance. As a help to details, the teacher should study pictures and illustrations of Indian life. The new edition of “Hiawatha,” illustrated by Frederick Remington, will give valuable hints. Pupils will take a great interest in studying the poem preparatory to giving the tableaux from it; the best reader should be chosen to read aloud the portions given as descriptive of each scene just before the curtain is drawn.

A background of branches of trees to represent a forest will serve for each picture; a wigwam should be added in numbers 4, 5, and 6. As there is little or no change in the scenery, the pictures can be shown rapidly and form a part of an afternoon or evening entertainment.

The reader begins with

I. THE PIPE OF PEACE.

“On the mountains of the prairie,”  
and ends with

“The Pukwana of the peace-pipe.”

The curtain is then drawn, and twelve boys are seen standing in a semicircle in Indian costume. There should be enough variation in their garb to show they belong to different tribes. Head-dresses of feathers may be constructed by the boys themselves; bows and arrows, and other articles that belong to Indian life borrowed or hired for the occasion.

## 2. CHILDHOOD OF HIAWATHA.

Begin to read at the words,

"By the shores of Gitche Gumee,"  
and end with

"Called them 'Hiawatha's brothers.'"

One of the smaller boys impersonates Hiawatha in this scene, dressed as an Indian child. His grandmother, Nokomis, wears the dress of an old squaw. She is seated on the ground, with Hiawatha near her, in a listening attitude.

## 3. HIAWATHA SHOOTS THE DEER.

The reader begins,

"Then Iagoo, the great boaster,"  
and concludes with

"All the guests praised Hiawatha."

Hiawatha is a little older than in the preceding scene, and he may be represented by a taller boy. He stands in the centre, with one knee bent and his bow strung. If the stuffed head of a deer with antlers can be obtained, it should be fastened among the branches of the trees, where it is visible to the audience.

## 4. THE ARROW-MAKER AND HIS DAUGHTER.

The reading begins with the lines,

"Homeward now went Hiawatha,"  
and ends with

"Not a word of Laughing Water." /

A wigwam is placed at one side. (This may be constructed with three poles fastened at the top and covered with fur rugs. It is easily moved and set up.) Minnehaha and her father are seated near it. The latter has piles of stones near him, and is bending over them, as if polishing them for arrow-heads.

Minnehaha is busy with a wooden bowl and chopping knife. Her costume can be made of some bright, coarse woolen material; necklaces and bracelets are around throat and wrists, and her hair is loosened and hangs down on her shoulders. A dark-eyed, black-haired girl should be chosen for the part of Minnehaha.

### 5. THE WOOING.

The reading begins with the lines,  
 "Thus departed Hiawatha,"  
 and concludes with  
 "Minnehaha, Laughing 'Water."

The arrow-maker stands beside his wigwam. Hiawatha is holding Minnehaha's hand to lead her away. The entire chapter of the "Wooing of Hiawatha" may be read if there is no desire to shorten this scene.

### 6. THE WEEDING-FEAST.

The lines,  
 "Sumptuous was the feast Nokomis'  
 to  
 "And with herbs and leaves of fragrance."

Describe the surroundings for the final tableaux. As large a company of boys and girls as can be mustered should participate in this scene. There should be the effect of high feasting, and Hiawatha and Minnehaha should be distinguished by gayer and more elaborate costumes than the others. The wigwam should be placed at the back, among the branches of trees, and the whole company appear in a festive mood.

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## What the Lessons Say.

By LIZZIE M. HADLEY.

(An exercise for seven children in the intermediate grade.)

1st *Pupil*:

Never before hath a fairer day  
 In the heart of the summer nestled away  
 Than this, that comes with the year's work done,  
 To tell you VACATION has *almost* begun.

Not *quite*, for if you've the time to hear,  
Some of the lessons we've studied this year  
Are waiting beside me. They've something to say.  
See! there is one of them coming this way.

*School :*

What is your name, and pray who are you?

*Alphabet :*

I am the alphabet. How do you do?

By this time you all should have learned, pretty well,  
All the stories my wee, crooked letters can tell.  
You can't read without me, but I've yet to see  
The boy or girl who was e'er fond of me.

But that matters not, for my duty I know ;  
'Tis to help you along in the way you should go.  
You must all get acquainted with me some day,  
And of course you find work is much harder than play.

You will learn that my letters all wisdom combine,  
So this bit of advice let me give you, "Don't whine;"  
And don't stand complaining like some silly dunce  
When there's work to be done, but go at it *at once*.

That is all I will say, for another comes *quick*.

*School :*

My friend, who are you?

*Arithmetic :*

O, I'm Arithmetic!

I've worked pretty hard in the years flying past  
To make you grow wiser, but time goes so fast  
That though I have used every minute and second,  
There are still many things you ought to have  
reckoned.

You can add and subtract, multiply and divide,  
Know something of fractions and cube root beside ;  
Can measure out coal, potatoes, and milk,  
An acre of land or a yard of blue silk;

But, unless you should reach old Methuselah's age,  
I could still find new lessons your time to engage ;  
Yet, I think on the whole you have done very well,  
But here comes another, with a story to tell,



*School :*

We are pleased, my good friend, your face now to see  
Pray what is *your* name?

*Geography :*

I am Geography.

Of continents, islands, and capes I well know ;  
Of mountains, whose tops are all covered with snow ;  
Of rivers, whose waters sweep on to the sea,  
And many more things could be told you by me.

But more time it would take than you can well spare,  
For see where approaches, with majestic air,  
A fair little maiden so prim and precise,  
With speech that is careful, profound, and concise.

*Grammar :*

They call me Miss Grammar and 'tis my place to teach  
The names and the uses of each part of speech ;  
I show where a verb or a pronoun should stand,  
And here's Punctuation with me hand in hand.

*Punctuation :*

I come with Miss Grammar, and this is my task—  
When your voice you let fall or a question you ask,  
When you stop at a comma, or exclaim in surprise,  
With both hands uplifted and wide open eyes,

To be there to direct, and in every case  
To put each little mark in its own proper place.  
Though this is not all, it is all I will tell,  
For here is a lesson with words you should spell.

*Spelling :*

Yes, I am the "Spelling-Book." Stand here in line  
If you want me to teach you these lessons of mine.  
O ! isn't it funny when learning to spell,  
What curious stories the letters will tell?

It seems such a task to know right from wrong,  
And they're never quite certain just where they belong  
Have you noticed how seldom the vowels agree?  
And that *i*, often gets in the place of an *e*?

But perhaps you have heard all you care for to-day ;  
If so, I had better be running away.

*All:*

Yet we all will be back to begin the school year,  
And now we must go, for VACATION is here.

## Tambourine Drill.

By ELOISE HEMPHILL.

(A Spanish costume is very pretty for this drill, but a dress of any color and material may be used. Ribbons, corresponding to predominating colors in costume, should be tied through the thumb-hole of tambourine. Arrange the class with the smallest in front; in marching to places, have the class march single file down the centre of stage; numbers 1, 3, and 5 turn off to the left and stop about three feet apart on the front line; numbers 2, 4, and 6 turn to the right and take their stand three feet apart on front line; numbers 7, 9, and 11 take their places three feet behind 1, 3, and 5 respectively; numbers 8, 10, and 12 behind 2, 4, and 6, and so on until all the odd numbers stand on the left half of stage, and the even numbers on the right half. Pupils should hold the tambourines in the right hand at the side when marching, and throughout the entire exercise. The arms and body should move gracefully. The eyes should follow the tambourine in every movement except in positions 8 and 10.)

1st Position.—With drum of tambourine turned toward the audience, strike the front of tambourine with tips of fingers of left hand on the odd beats through 8 counts.

2d Position.—Throw right arm obliquely across front of body to left side, and strike the tambourine against left finger tips, through 8 counts, as in first movement.

3d Position.—Swing tambourine from left to right alternately, striking once each time through 8 counts.

4th Position.—Holding tambourine *up* to the right, proceed as in direction *one*.

5th Position.—Holding tambourine up to the left, proceed as in direction 2d.

6th Position.—With arms still up, alternate from left to right, as in direction 3d.

7th Position.—Strike once at right side with arms down as in position 1; once at left side with arms up as in position 5; once at right side with arms up as in position 4; once at left side with arms down as in position 2; repeat through 16 counts.

8th Position.—Left hand on hip; body slightly bent forward as if listening, standing with weight on right foot which is about 12 inches in advance of left

foot; bend right arm at elbow until side of tambourine rests on right shoulder; shake tambourine gently through 8 counts.

9th Position.—Feet in same position; body straightened with weight thrown on left leg, which is slightly bent; right one perfectly straight; eyes forward; left elbow at waist line, hold the fore-arm in front of body, in an easy, graceful position; bring tambourine down from right shoulder on the odd counts, striking it against fingers of left hand; through 8 counts.

10th Position.—Left hand on hip; weight of body on left leg; head turned toward the left; right arm

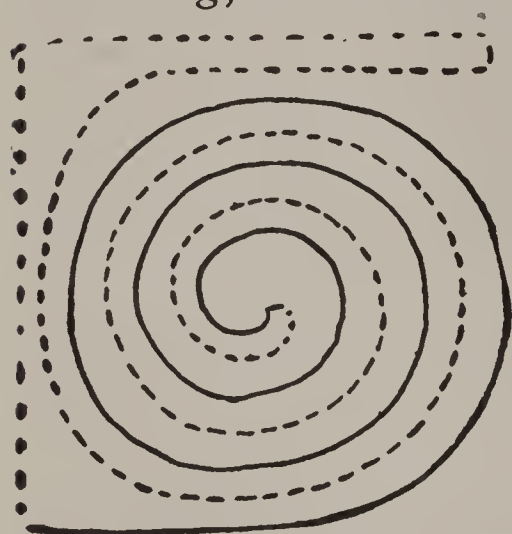
straight in front, wave the tambourine toward the audience on the odd counts, as if repelling some one; this movement is made by *wrist* motion alone; through 8 counts.

11th Position.—Position of left hand still on hip; weight of body, which is bent considerably forward, thrown on right leg, with knee well bent; strike the right knee with drum of tambourine on odd counts, and left shoulder on the even counts; through 16 counts.

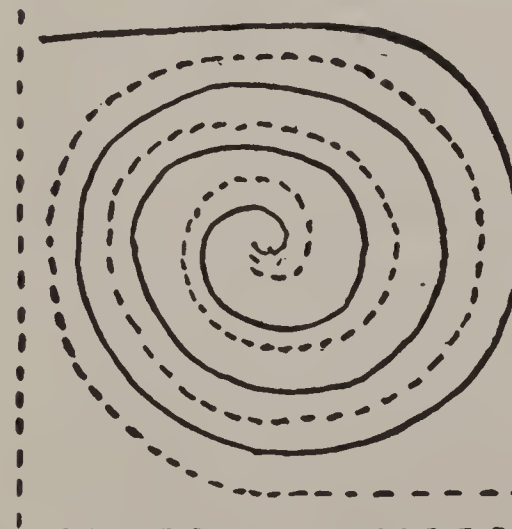
12th Position.—All kneel on right knee, holding both arms over head, strike tambourine; through 8 counts.

#### MARCH.

At a given signal, all rise from kneeling position with tambourine held at right side. Half of the class turn to the left and half to the right, following their respective leaders, who march to the left and right, making each a circle, as shown in diagram below. When leaders have reached the centres, at



CENTER



a given signal, let every one raise arms above head and strike tambourine in perfect time with music; while leaders wind their way out, which is done by following the dotted lines.

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## When School is Out.

By A. S. WEBBER.

(This recitation, song, and march is to be given by five girls and five boys.)

*(First boy and girl advance from opposite sides of the room, and stop when within a few feet of the centre.)*

1st girl: What is the first thing you will do,  
When you are out and school is through?

1st boy: What will I do when I get out?  
Why you will hear an awful noise.  
And you may know the loudest shout  
Among the crowd of us schoolboys  
Will be myself, beyond a doubt,  
Just thinking of vacation joys.

*(These two will step back near the wall, beginning the formation of a semicircle as the second boy and girl advance from the same sides and to the same place as did the others.)*

2d boy: What is the first thing you will do,  
When schooltime for this summer's through?

2d girl: Oh, I will start out on a run,  
And every one I know and meet  
I'll tell them that our school is done;  
And it will be, oh, such a treat!  
You know 'twill be such lots of fun,  
For telling news is awful sweet.

*(The second boy and girl will step beside the first couple as the third boy and girl advance.)*

3d girl: Same as 1st girl.

3d boy: Oh, I will give the wildest screech,  
And then will make my highest spring,



And catch what tree branch I can reach,  
And up among its bows I'll swing;  
Then shout the news to passers each,  
Until I make the whole air ring.

*4th boy* : Same as second boy.

*4th girl* : When I am out I'll laugh for glee,  
And laugh and laugh and get my fill,  
No matter what folks think of me; .  
For really how can one keep still,  
It is so jolly to be free  
And do whatever one may will.

*5th girl* : Same as 1st girl.

*5th boy* : When I am out, why I shall feel  
Like tumbling o'er and o'er and o'er,  
So I myself will be a wheel  
And tumble till I've turned a score;  
And when the boys will shout and squeal,  
I'll only tumble more and more.

*6th boy* : Same as 2d boy.

*6th girl* : When I get out I'll skip, not walk,  
And sing some of our parting song,  
I think the time I'll drum with stalks  
Of some tall weeds if they are strong.  
I will not even care to talk  
For ever and ever and ever so long.

*7th girl* : Same as 1st girl.

*7th boy* : When I am out I'll start and run,  
And run so fast and far away,  
And when at last my race is done  
I'll toss my books and have a play,  
And oh, it will be lots of fun  
To be out-doors the whole long day!

*8th boy* : Same as 2d boy.

*8th girl* : I know that 'round and 'round I'll dance,  
But I must kiss my teacher too,  
If I can see the slightest chance,  
And kiss my schoolmates all adieu

And then without another glance  
I'll dance away till out of view.

*9th girl* : Same as 1st girl.

*9th boy* : I think I'll be so wild with joy,  
No doubt I'll try to do each thing  
That's done by every other boy,  
And shout and roll and run and spring,  
To make no noise would sure destroy  
The fun that all vacations bring.

*10th boy* : Same as 2d boy.

*10th girl* : I think with all that will be done,  
The minute that vacation's here,  
That I will be the only one  
Who has not one idea that's clear  
Of what to do 'mid all the fun,  
And so I think I'll stand and cheer.

*(The pupils should now be in the form of a semicircle,  
the boys on one side.)*

*1st girl (stepping one step forward) :*

It seems to us that all you boys  
Just think of naught but making noise.

*1st boy (stepping beside 1st girl) :*

To us 'tis fun what you call din,  
We have *the* name, let's now begin.

SONG : *Air* : " *Yankee Doodle*."

*Boys sing* : Vacation's here and all the sport,  
That boys can e'er be wishing,  
With all the world to play them in,  
And we will rest while fishing.

*Chorus (all together) :*

Playing, playing, keep it up,  
Do not be a dandy ;  
Heed your manners, mind the rules,  
And in all games be handy.

*Girls sing* : Vacation's here and we will have  
Some time to dress our dollies,

And time to sew and wash for them  
And play go to Aunt Polly's.

*Chorus (boys and girls sing remaining verses):*

Often in our play we'll join,  
Both boys and girls together;  
Out-doors when the days are fine,  
And in-doors in wet weather.

*Chorus :* If you want to join our play,  
Why, of course, we're willing;  
If you're clumsy you'll be fined—  
Well, something like a shilling.

*(Pause, as if deliberating after "fined.")*

*Chorus :*

*(The boys will whistle the air "Yankee Doodle" for a march, which the 1st boy and girl will lead, the others forming couples behind them. They will come forward, as far as possible, separate, lead in opposite directions, forming large circles, passing each other near the wall, then leaving the room.)*





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